The Outlook

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THE OUTLOOK offers to its readers this week its Ninth Annual Illustrated Book Number. The custom of thus presenting yearly a survey of the books of the season, together with other articles especially appealing to book-lovers, has constantly grown in favor with our readers, and we believe that the Book Numbers have equally increased in interest and value. The group of articles by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, Mr. E. D. North, and Mr. George Wharton Edwards tell in a popular way, but with the judgment of recognized experts, of "The Art of Book-making." The ten full-page pictures by Messrs. Gibson, Remington, Parsons, Abbey, Herter, Vedder, Smith, Edwards, Pyle, and Pennell show in an attractive and typical fashion what American book-illustrators are doing. The description of important holiday books deals with much that is of permanent value in literature. Elsewhere we speak editorially of the influence and importance of the most striking books of the past year. The Spectator talks cheerfully of the relations between book-writing, book-publishing, and book-buying, apropos of the interesting exhibition of books now going on at the Aldine Club. Finally, and in a practical way perhaps most significant and helpful of all, come the announcements by the publishers themselves. These fill between forty and fifty pages of this number, and in extent, variety, and attractiveness far exceed those of any previous year. They offer a tempting choice to those wise present-buyers who find in books the most permanent and pleasurable of gifts.

In this general connection we may note that The Outlook has for the past year been devoting larger space than ever to the consideration of books; over 1,500 books have been described and criticised—often in only a few words, sometimes at length, but always with the hope of giving a fair and true impression of what is in the book and what is its value. Under the head "Books of the Week" the books actually received in each week are now considered briefly week by week, the most important works being reserved for later extended notice. In this way prompt and systematic treatment of books is secured. The result has been gratifying to readers, authors, and publishers.

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PROMINENT citizens of New York and Chicago have been interested in an effort to secure a National Conference in this city during December for the purpose of securing a reform of the primary election laws. Enough progress has been made to show not only that the municipal reform organizations of various cities are ready for a campaign on this subject, but also that the officials of labor organizations such as the International Typographical Union and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and religious organizations such as the Christian Endeavor Society and the Epworth League, are much interested in the movement. More encouraging still, perhaps, is the fact that several political leaders, including ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, and Mayor Quincy, of Boston, are heartily in favor of the proposed changes. The minimum demand put forward is the adoption of the Kentucky plan. This has already had five years' trial, and has given satisfaction to all the elements in both parties opposed to machine despotism. Under the Kentucky law, when a party desires to hold a primary election, notices thereof must be conspicuously published, giving days, hours, and places, and every citizen is entitled to vote who at the last registration expressed a preference for the party in question. The law provides that a mere preference is all that the voter can be required to express, and thus the machine is kept from disfranchising at the primaries the independent voters who will not pledge themselves to support the nominee regardless of his personality. By making the voters' list at the primaries correspond with the registration list at the last election, the rolls are kept purged of unauthorized names. By requiring notices of the primaries to be widely published it is made impossible for the machines to hold "snap" primaries at which only professional politicians are present. These requirements, when supplemented by an Australian ballot on which independent candidates are presented to the voters in the same manner as the machine candidates, enable the body of the voters to get the candidates of their choice. Even without this supplement the Kentucky plan is a great advance upon that under which the machine usually governs.

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In Massachusetts street railway questions have been in the foreground. At the public hearings before the Commission appointed to investigate the relation of these corporations to the municipalities, a large number of city officials, street railway officials, and general students of the problem have appeared. The city officials have to a disappointing extent laid stress upon the public expenses entailed by the presence of the railways in the streets. Estimates were given that the tracks trebled, quadrupled, and even sextupled the cost of keeping the streets in repair, and these exaggerated estimates were made the basis of arguments that the street railways should pay large special taxes into the public treasury. While we hold no brief for the street railways, and would like to see them taxed at their capitalized value just as real estate or bank stock is taxed, we cannot but recognize that the arguments of the city officials were in the main sophistical. Carriages and delivery-wagons increase the cost of keeping the streets in good condition as much as street railways, yet since the abandonment of the toll-gate system no one contemplates assessing the cost of street improvements against the owners of these vehicles. Street railways and their patrons have a right to object to unequal taxation. Before the Massachusetts Commission the street railway officials had no difficulty in showing that, as a rule, the abutting property owners were fully compensated for the incidental expenses incurred by them through the presence of the street railways. These officials, of course, exaggerated the advance in property values due to the presence of their roads, but, after making all reasonable deductions from their estimates, it remained reasonably clear that the abutting property owners, as a rule, had no ground on which to demand compensation.

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The general students of the problem put the claims of the public against the street railways on more tenable grounds than did the city officials. Mr. George Albree, of Swampscott, who insisted upon large public revenues from the street railway companies, took the impregnable position that the street railway system is practically a monopoly, and that its ability to impose monopoly charges upon the public gives it the ability to pay exceptional taxes to the public. Mr. Albree recommended thirty-year franchises exclusive in name as well as in fact, upon terms permitting the public to buy out the companies at a fair valuation, and permitting State Commissioners to regulate fares. Mr.

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Robert Treat Paine, Jr., representing the "Association for the Municipal Ownership of Street Railways," urged that the monopoly charges upon the patrons of the road constituted the real evil, and that such charges should not be continued even for the sake of the public revenue. Not high taxes, but low fares, must be secured if the patrons of the roads are to be relieved of injustice and if the street railway industry is to be expanded as the public welfare demands. The conservative temper of the Commission seems to promise that its recommendations will not be more radical than those of Mr. Albree, and it probably will not go as far as Mr. Albree in demanding that franchises reserve to the public the right of re-entry. It may be said, in conclusion, that Mr. Albree's recommendation that State Commissioners be intrusted with the duty of regulating fares will justly meet with more public approval in Massachusetts than it would elsewhere. Only last week the Massachusetts Railway Commission proved its value to the public by refusing to approve the proposed extension of the West End Street Railway Company's privileges. This extension would have practically guaranteed the company eight per cent. on its capitalization, and the Commissioners considered that such a guarantee was unwarranted at a time when capitalists in competitive industries find such difficulty in netting five per cent.

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The last decision of Judge Simonton, of the United States Circuit Court, in favor of the South Carolina liquor-dealers may result in a further triumph of the prohibitionists. The decision, it will be recalled, was to the effect that, inasmuch as the Dispensary Law provides for a public revenue from the sale of liquor at the dispensaries, it was not passed under the exercise of the State's "police powers," and therefore that South Carolina officials have no authority from Congress to suppress saloons selling "original packages" imported from other States. Under this decision enough "original package" saloons have been established to materially reduce the profits of the State dispensaries, and the opponents of the dispensary system hoped for a time to secure the repeal of the Dispensary Law. The attitude of the rural legislators, however, soon showed the unpopularity of repeal, and last week Governor Ellerbe, in announcing his candidacy for re-election, specified the lines upon which he would recommend the amendment of the law in case Judge Simonton's decision is not reversed by the Supreme Court or rendered harmless by a new act of Congress governing "original package" saloons. Governor Ellerbe's position is as follows:

> The dispensary, I think, is the best solution of the question, but as the courts have decided that the dispensary is not a police regulation, I am in favor of amending the dispensary law so as to make it a police regulation, by eliminating the profit feature, and, if necessary, not to sell it as a beverage, but only for medicinal and sacramental purposes. Those who advocate high license have surely not read carefully the decision of the courts, for in the case of Scott *vs.* Donald the Court advanced the views that the State could prohibit, could inspect, but could do no more. If the dispensary is not a police regulation, and the State cannot control the liquor under the dispensary law, it certainly cannot do so under high license. Besides, under a high-license system it would in a few months degenerate into the open bar-room. As a rule, men who would buy a license to sell whisky would have no moral character, and would be altogether irresponsible and perfectly indifferent to the welfare of the State and of the people. Their only object would be to make money, and the constitutional restrictions would be disregarded. This liquor fight is not a factional issue. It is a fight between the moral elements of our people and the liquor men.

This attitude on the part of a Governor practically sure of re-election indicates that if the Dispensary Law is amended it will be in the direction of prohibition. Either public revenue from the traffic in intoxicants, or else the entire traffic for beverage purposes, will be cut off. The opponents of the dispensaries, therefore, are in danger of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. The temperance sentiment of the State, which forced into the new Constitution a clause prohibiting all sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises—and this applies even to "original package" saloons—is determined not to yield what it has gained under the dispensary system.

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The annual address before the National Prison Congress by General Brinkerhoff, the President, is very significant in its utterances respecting the necessity of moral and religious education in our public schools. He puts this, indeed, as the most important of all measures for the prevention of crime:

> First and foremost, what is most essential to be done is to revolutionize our educational system from top to bottom, so that good morals, good citizenship, and ability to earn an honest living

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shall be its primary purpose instead of intellectual culture as heretofore.

And again:

In this last message I want to put it on record, with all the emphasis I can command, that if we are to make any large progress in the reformation of prisons, or in the prevention of crime, or in the betterment of mankind, we must utilize more fully than we have heretofore the religious element which is inherent in the universal heart of man.

And again:

If this be true, then it follows as the night the day that every prison officer, every teacher in our schools, and especially every editor of a newspaper, ought to be profoundly religious; for it is only by the education of our people in the eternal verities of God and the future that society at its best can be developed and saved, and the divine right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" can be fully secured.

With this it is hardly necessary to tell our readers we are in hearty agreement. We should dissent from General Brinkerhoff when he goes on to say that ethics, which is the science of morals, should be taught. For this is only another form of intellectual culture. What we want is not a teaching of the science of morals, but a training in the habit of morals. Our public schools are devised simply for the development of the intellect. It has been assumed by some that if boys and girls are taught and made intelligent they will do right because righteousness pays, and by others that religion can be separated from secular life and all moral and religious training relegated to the church and to the family. Neither is true. No education in science, though it include the science of morals, will suffice to make honest and upright citizens; and a school system organized on the theory that secular education can be separated from the religious and is in itself adequate and sufficient for life purposes, can have none other than an irreligious effect. What we want in our public schools is recognition by school-teachers, school boards, and the community of the fact that moral training is even more important than intellectual culture, that the two must be carried on together in the same institution and by the same process, that to separate them is to make religion a superstition and culture immoral. How this moral training can be afforded in the schools and the schools still be kept undenominational may be a difficult problem to answer, but where there's a will there's a way, and the first thing to be done is to develop in the community the will to secure, as General Brinkerhoff has said, by our public-school system, "good morals, good citizenship, and ability to earn an honest living," as well as intellectual culture.

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A decision of the Post-Office Department, acting on the advice of the Attorney-General, rightly excludes from the mails advertisements of the kind known as "missing-letter" prize offers. There are several varieties of these offers appearing in newspapers and magazines —including many quite reputable periodicals—and it is not always easy in any particular case to say whether the advertisement is more accurately classed under the term "humbug" or "swindle." The Post-Office Department finds that these "offers" come under the provisions of the lottery law. The example given in the circular sent out to publishers by the New York Post-Office gives the names of "twenty important cities in Europe and America, omitting certain letters in each word," and offers money prizes to the persons sending correct lists. Any intelligent child can fill out a list in a few minutes, but as some of the names given may be filled out as to the missing letters in two or three different ways, all of which give as results names of cities, it is a pure chance whether or not any particular list agrees with that originally made out by those who offer the prize. It is this element of chance which has led to the exclusion of these offers from the mail. Apart from that element, it is obvious that there is every possible opportunity for trickery and unfair dealing in these schemes, and any one who will take the trouble to read carefully one of these wordy and misleading advertisements will see that they are almost, if not quite, universally designed to impose on the credulity of the great army of ignorant persons who believe that they can get something for nothing.

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The entire country should be interested in the present attempt of the Attorney-General of New Jersey to restrain the contractors who are destroying with dynamite the Palisades of the Hudson. An attempt was made about a year and a half ago to turn the Palisades into a military park, but experts disapproved of the idea, claiming that there was not space for military maneuvers. Last week the contractors exploded over five hundred pounds of dynamite and displaced seven

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thousand cubic yards of stone in the quarries a mile north of Fort Lee, destroying the part of the Palisades known as Washington's Head. If the present action of the District Attorney of the State of New Jersey does not succeed in protecting this beautiful stretch of natural scenery, the preservation of which is of vital importance, or should be, to the States of New York and New Jersey, if not the Nation, it will be due to the lack of public interest in the preservation of natural beauty. A temporary injunction has been secured, but it needs the support of the public publicly declared to protect that which is the property of the whole Nation. The point of the Palisades destroyed was a place of historic interest. It is said that at this point Washington stood and watched the maneuvers of the enemy at Fort Washington. A hotel proprietor has begun suit for $50,000 damages for injury to his business through the explosion of this last enormous charge of dynamite, and if this suit against the stone company is successful other property-holders in this region may begin suits for recovery of damages to their properties.

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The disorder in the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath culminated last week in a series of disgraceful free fights, the like of which has not been seen, so far as we remember, in any modern deliberative body. The President of the House, Dr. Abrahamovics, was insulted, derided, and silenced whenever he appeared in his place, the members resorting to the most boyish tricks, slamming their desk-lids, blowing toy trumpets and flutes, and beating toy drums. If the disorder had ended here, it would have been disgraceful but not criminal, but it did not end here; it culminated in a series of personal encounters which made the House look like an arena for pugilists, and it was finally necessary to bring in a cordon of police and expel the members by force. Dr. Wolff, the German Nationalist leader, who had been suspended and had no right upon the floor, made such a violent resistance when, in attempting to take his seat, the police attempted to eject him, that it took the combined strength of six men to accomplish that object. He was finally bound and, if reports are to be believed, gagged and driven off in a cab to a police station. The disorder was beginning to spread through the country when Count Badeni, the Austrian Prime Minister, who is very cordially hated by many political groups, handed in his resignation, which was accepted by the Emperor, and Baron Gautsch was called upon to organize a new Cabinet. Baron Gautsch is of German nationality, but a Moderate in politics, of a conciliatory temper, and popular alike with the Austrians and the Hungarians. The Reichsrath has been adjourned until further orders. Austria is now paying the penalty of fostering race hatred; for there is no doubt that the violence of temper exhibited in the Reichsrath during the past few weeks has been due in large measure to the bitterness of feeling excited by the agitation against the Jews. It is impossible to let loose the spirit of hate and confine its operations to any one people or group of people. The Jews are avenged upon their enemies by the disgraceful and brutal scenes which have been witnessed in the highest legislative body of the Empire.

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The German Reichstag meets this week, and an interesting, not to say exciting, session is anticipated. The Emperor is determined to press the naval scheme upon the carrying out of which he has set his heart. Every effort has been made to convince the Governments of the different German States of the necessity of falling in with the Emperor's will in this matter; but the voters seem to be as strongly against it as they were when it came up for discussion last winter, and the regaining of a seat by the Liberals in the very heart of an intensely Conservative community indicates that the Emperor has very little to hope from them. A very outspoken debate may be anticipated when this matter comes again before the Reichstag. Another question full of inflammable material will be the Military Procedure Bill. The Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, long ago promised to bring the procedure in courts martial into conformity with the principles of moral jurisprudence. He has met, however, with the most determined opposition inside the Government ranks and in the circle of those who stand nearest the Emperor. It is a question whether he can present any bill which will command their support and which will also satisfy the claims of those who demand radical reform in this direction. There are many indications that Germany is approaching a sharp political crisis, and that the absolutism of the Emperor and the growing liberalism, not to say

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radicalism, of the people will soon come into direct collision.

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It will be interesting to watch the course of events in China during the next few months, for there are various indications that several Great Powers are looking in that direction for an extension of territory. The recent murder of two German Roman Catholic missionaries by a Chinese mob in a village in the Province of Shang-Tung has been made the occasion of the landing of German troops, apparently without the usual preliminaries which diplomacy prescribes in such circumstances. If reports are to be believed, China had no opportunity to offer redress; for Germany, without waiting upon ceremony, seized one of the chief ports on the coast of the Yellow Sea. Both vessels and troops are in possession, and munitions of war and supplies are being forwarded in such quantities as to suggest permanent occupation. Russia, whose interest has been paramount since the disastrous defeat of the Chinese in their war with Japan, is already in control of a great section of country. France has not given up her claim to sovereignty in the Tonquin neighborhood; while Great Britain has secured the opening of the West River, and is making her entrance into China from the direction of Burmah. All this concerns Japan very closely, and there is a report that one use which Germany proposes to make of her base of operations on the Yellow Sea is to attack Japan; for Japan aims to control that sea, and she will not surrender her purpose without a struggle. That does not mean necessarily that she will go to war with a power like Germany, but it does mean that she will make every effort to circumvent German aims. Her real enemy is Russia, and both countries are preparing for a struggle, which would probably be hopeless so far as the Japanese are concerned, and which the cooler heads, as was pointed out in these columns last week, wish to avert.

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There is a touch of the burlesque in the refusal of Russia to assent to the choice of Colonel Schaeffer as Governor of Crete because he is not an orthodox Greek Christian. After what has happened in Crete, Greece, and Armenia, this seems very much like straining at a gnat long after the camel has been swallowed. Of course Colonel Schaeffer's religion is a matter of indifference. Russia does not want him there, and she finds his lack of orthodoxy a convenient ground for objection. Russia remains master of the situation in spite of the fact that Turkey has been rejuvenated. If the time had been ripe, the Sick Man would have expired. He has been allowed to take a rapidly acting tonic because the time was not ripe for the execution of Russian plans. Meanwhile, Turkey is not to have a chance to build up a navy under the direction of German ship-builders, because Russia has notified the Sultan that whatever money Turkey has to spare must be devoted to satisfying Russian claims. If Russian intentions could be uncovered and the course of the Greek royal family in the recent struggle revealed, there would be no mystery about the folly of the onset of Greece upon Turkey or of her disastrous failures in the field. For that matter, there would probably be no mystery about the course of events in Armenia two years ago.

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Again last week there was the usual report of a conflict between French and British troops in West Africa, a report happily unconfirmed at this writing. As The Outlook has already said, the situation has been aggravated by the publication of unwise semi-official notes in Paris and London and by hysterical newspaper comment. The present trouble is at Nikki, the capital of Borguland. The Borgus have not hesitated to make treaties with both the French and the English, promising the same thing to each and thus gaining a double immediate reward. France and England have long been rivals in West Africa; since 1870 some important boundary settlements have taken place, those concerning the British possessions of Gambia, Sierre Leone, the Gold Coast, Lagos, and Nigeria itself—the latter region extending from Say on the Niger to Barua on Lake Chad, with a coast line about half as long. Despite these conventions, there have been enough unsettled questions of *hinterland* back of French and British coast possessions to cause friction. In 1894 the British Niger Company endeavored to control the *hinterland* of French Dahomey, and supposed such control had been obtained. The French dispute this, not only in the Boundary Commission now sitting in Paris, but also by sending an armed expedition to Nikki. This has resulted in a hurrying of

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British troops to the danger points. It is evident that those points are now more dangerous than ever, not only to the peace of West Africa, but to that of every possession held by the two greatest of colonizing nations.

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The National Liberal Federation, which bears the same relation to the Liberal party in England which the National Committee bears to a political party in this country, has been getting a consensus of opinion from its affiliated associations with regard to the question of electoral reform. The main objects to be accomplished are the abolition of plural voting and a further extension of the franchise so as to include a large class of lodgers who are excluded from voting under the present law—not because they do not pay rent enough, but because the landlord or landlady lives on the premises. There seems to be substantial agreement in the Liberal party with regard to a number of points: First, a three months' period of qualification; second, that the receipt of temporary relief from the parish shall not disqualify the recipient; third, that an elector shall vote once and no more, or, to use the phrase which has become popular, "one man, one vote;" fourth, that all elections shall be held on the same day, and that official election expenses shall be paid out of the public funds. There is considerable difference of opinion with regard to the extension of the polling hours, the appointment of a public-paid registration officer, the second ballot, and the closing on polling-day of places licensed to sell liquor. There is a still greater difference of opinion on the question of the extension of suffrage to women. That question does not seem to have any substantial section of the Liberal party behind it. Any conservative measure looking to electoral reform will command the support of a great number of Conservatives. The Conservative party is, indeed, pledged to a measure looking in that direction.

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Cable dispatches from Madrid furnish a meager and incomplete outline of the decrees put forth by Spain granting so-called autonomy to Cuba and Porto Rico. The scheme is very far indeed from corresponding to autonomy as it exists in Canada or Australia. Thus, of the two Cuban Chambers proposed, the upper is to be composed of thirty-five members, seventeen of whom are to be nominated by the Spanish Government and eighteen elected in Cuba under many restrictions and limitations; the lower Chamber is to be entirely elected, but what the suffrage qualifications are to be is not stated. Under such a legislative plan Spain would unquestionably control the upper Chamber and, of course, the Governor-General. The latter's powers, as outlined, are very large, and certain indefinite clauses indicate that those powers might easily be stretched so as to become autocratic. The tariff question is to be dealt with by a commission, and care is taken that a heavy differential duty in favor of Spain shall be enforced. No adequate plan is suggested for the vexed question of the Cuban war debt or of finances generally. It may very well be doubted whether the Spanish Government or the Cuban people are really capable as yet of understanding what representative government actually means. The present offer is chiefly important as showing a disposition on the part of Sagasta's Ministry to adopt conciliatory methods. On the other hand, the Cuban generals in the field have with great positiveness and promptness refused to consider any scheme of limited autonomy, while a proclamation signed by the newly elected President and Vice-President of the Cuban insurgents, and by many representatives of the somewhat loosely constructed civil government of "Cuba Libre," declares that "nothing that supposes, under whatever name, form, or manner, the subsistence of the Spanish domination in Cuba, can terminate the actual struggle. Independence or death has been and will be our sacred and indisputable watchword." Nothing new has been brought to light as to the relations between our own Government and Spain. Apparently the present Administration holds precisely the position taken by President Cleveland—namely, that the United States earnestly desires to avoid intervention if possible; that it has no desire whatever to become possessed of Cuba, or to assume responsibility for its government; but that it cannot avoid facing the possibility that motives of humanity and our own commercial interests may compel this country to interfere if some satisfactory end to the struggle is not reached before long.

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In 1890, while traveling through Alaska, Dr. Sheldon Jackson saw that the destruction of whales and walruses for commercial purposes was rapidly depriving the natives of their

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natural source of supplies of food and clothing. He conceived the idea of introducing the reindeer into Alaska, and of educating the natives to breed and train them. Laplanders were sent north, under contract with the Government, to herd the reindeer introduced from Siberia. The first herd, numbering 175, increased to over three hundred in less than three years, and the natives responded so well to this effort to establish this new source of food supply that in 1896 Dr. Jackson secured from the Government an appropriation of $45,000 to increase the herds and for the reindeer station. The Alaskan Eskimos are a nomadic people, and the introduction of the reindeer, it was believed, would result in educating them to stability, as the reindeer would supply milk, meat, and clothing, and would also furnish a means of transit between the villages that were shut off from intercourse through the winter season. The dogs travel at a rate of but thirty-five miles a day, the reindeer at the rate of ninety miles a day, securing their food from the moss underneath the snow. Just now the value of the introduction of reindeer into Alaska is being demonstrated, as they may make it possible to reach the whalers now shut in by the ice in the Arctic regions north of Point Barrow. The reports state that on October 8, when the whaler Curlock came out of the Arctic Sea, four whalers were endeavoring to get out of the ice but could not. There are conflicting statements as to the food supplies on the vessels having the two hundred and sixty-five men on board; some believing that their provisions will last them till spring, and others saying that at the best the men will have to live on short rations and that they cannot be reached by water until July or August of 1898. The Government has undertaken to accomplish this task. The revenue cutter Bear left Seattle, Wash., on November 27, and hoped to reach Unalaska by December 8. The captain of the Bear means to penetrate to the northernmost point, Sledge Island, where the boat will land the sledge expedition, returning to Unalaska for the winter.

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A proposition which will greatly increase the number of students admitted to the New York high schools next term has been submitted for consideration to the Committee on High Schools. The proposition bears severely on pupils who entered this September, as it will require them to do the work of a year's course in five months. If this can be arranged and the present entrance classes in the high schools be advanced February 1, having accomplished a year's work, one thousand children who have passed the examinations of the high schools can be admitted who are now kept out for lack of room. The high-school principals approve of the plan, and it probably will be adopted. The number of pupils kept out of the high schools because of lack of room has forced the High School Committee to consider the advisability of establishing annexes to each of the high schools. The establishment of the annexes to the high schools, it is estimated, will cost, for salaries, rentals, and equipment, about $100,000.

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Books of the Year

Nothing is more idle and misleading than the attempt to estimate at the end of every twelve months the exact value of the literary product of the year, and to indicate the deeper lines of spiritual and artistic thought and sentiment. Literature does not suffer from the journalistic attempt to deal with it from the news standpoint, but a good many readers suffer great confusion of judgment on account of it. It is profitable, however, to recall a few of the significant books of the year, not with reference to any final estimate of their value or for the purpose of deciding the much-debated question as to whether poetry is passing away and science is taking its place, or that as to whether literature has had its day and the human spirit is hereafter to find some other form of spiritual expression, but to bring before the mind the various aspects of literary activity and to gain an impression of what appear to be current tendencies in literary work. For the true man of letters is more sensitive to the deeper movements of his time than any other man who speaks to the community. He is more likely, if one reads him with intelligence, to reveal what is going on in the depths of men's consciousness; at his best he has not only the artist's sense of beauty, but the prophet's power of divination. He is constantly interpreting the facts of life as they present themselves in his consciousness, and if one wishes to find the significant facts of life in any given period he is more likely to find them in literature than anywhere else; to find, that is, those facts which most adequately

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express spiritual conviction, condition, and change.

The last twelve months have not brought to the knowledge of the English-speaking peoples any new writer of the first rank, but they have witnessed the appearance of a number of books which contain the stuff of literature, or which represent scholarship of a high order. In the field of poetry there is as yet little sign of a return of those streams of power which not many years ago were fertilizing so wide a surface. Verse of quality is still written, but it is written in very small quantities. Mr. Stedman's "Poems Now First Collected" shows, if we mistake not, a distinct advance on much of his earlier work, and stands out from the great mass of current verse by reason of its definiteness of outline, its vitality of feeling, and its ringing lyrical quality. Much of it is in striking contrast to that vague aspiration which breathes through so much contemporary verse without expressing any definite conviction or any virile impulse. Mr. Stedman's voice has carrying power; there is a note of authority in it. As much must be said also of Mr. Kipling's "Ballads of the Seven Seas," which, of its kind, is of the very highest order—work full of brilliancy, movement, life. It is the absence of the professional literary note which gives Mr. Kipling's work, in its best estate, such power of refreshment. He cares for life, and nothing but life. Ideas do not interest him in and of themselves. It is only when they become concrete that he recognizes them and they appeal to him; but he has a passionate love for all the manifestations of life, and for all expressions of the human spirit—good, bad, noble, or base. Everything which brings out the man appeals to his imagination.

Some of the shorter poems in Dr. van Dyke's "Builders and Other Poems" strike the true note and reveal the true insight. The poems interpretative of bird life and habit and the verses on Tennyson, among others, are marked by a high degree of imagination and felicity of expression. Mr. Richard Burton's modest volume, which has just come from the press, will not be overlooked by those who care for sincerity, individuality, and a fresh and effective note. Mr. Bliss Carman, who has a touch of genius, though his work is often uneven in execution, has given us further evidence of the quality of his gift in "Ballads of Lost Haven;" while Mr. Roberts's "Book of the Native" has a charm which lies in the poet's intimacy with nature and his skill in expressing the sentiment of seasons, places, and occasions.

In fiction there have been notable successes, distinct achievements, which show that the literary spirit in this country is assimilating the vital conditions and facts of American life. Miss Wilkins strayed from her path when she wrote "Madelon"—a story not without power, but strained, melodramatic, and inartistic; but she has struck her highest note in "Jerome, a Poor Man"—a story not without its faults, but characterized by a freshness, a vitality, a feeling for life, and an artistic power which entitle this novelist to a very high rank among American writers of fiction, and which give the highest promise for her future development. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has been an industrious and versatile writer both in prose and verse, showing at times qualities of intelligence, skill, and imagination; but Dr. Mitchell took a great stride when he wrote "Hugh Wynne," one of the most charming stories which has yet appeared in this country—a beautiful piece of work from many points of view, and a piece of work which reveals its artistic quality more clearly as one studies it; for "Hugh Wynne" exhibits the artist's power of assimilating material, of penetrating to the secret of the past and re-creating it—that rare power of the imagination which first possesses, then interprets, and finally vivifies.

Mr. Allen's "Choir Invisible" has been so widely read that to mention it is to characterize it. It has been fortunate in awakening discussion and calling out differences of opinion, but there has been remarkable unanimity of judgment with regard to the beautiful literary quality which pervades it, its extraordinary felicity, and its ingrained idealism. That a book of such fineness should have attained such extraordinary popularity is good evidence that the reading public loves fine work when fine work deals with vital things. Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian" is not without those striking qualities which Mr. Caine's work always reveals, but it is a false step, nevertheless, for it is a book of exaggeration, and, to a certain extent, of affectation. It presents a misleading, because an unbalanced, view of social and religious conditions; it lacks the note of reality. Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous" was written for boys, but it is so full of the qualities which make manhood that it has found its way to the interest and imagination of older boys. Its dash, its

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picturesqueness, its essential virility, make it a wholesome book for boys to read, and for men as well. Mr. Crawford's "Corleone," although too sanguinary, marks a return to his earlier and stronger manner.

In the field of history a first place must be given to Dr. Eggleston, whose "Beginnings of a Nation" affords grateful evidence that the long studies of recent years are to bear fruit in a history of life in the American Colonies which shall uncover the sources of political, social, and religious motivity. This volume is charmingly direct, vivacious, and informal; it ought to be added that the anti-Puritan sentiment in it is a little too pronounced. Mr. Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" adds another to those valuable and delightful studies of our early history which are fast approaching the completeness and adequacy of a comprehensive history of the beginnings of the American people. When the companion volumes on the Dutch colonies appear, Mr. Fiske's scheme will be complete, for he will have told the story of the exploration and settlement of the country from the earliest times to the adoption of the Constitution. History has rarely been invested with such interest and charm as in these volumes.

Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" is primarily a portraiture, and one of the most successful which has been executed by any modern hand; but it covers so much historical ground that it may be included among works of history. Its thoroughness, its balance, and its brilliancy make it a credit to American scholarship and literature. The first book of the year, for English and American readers at least, is beyond question the "Life of Tennyson," recently reviewed at length in these columns—a biography which, by reason of the breadth of interest which it subtends, is a contribution of the highest importance to the spiritual history of our time. The biography of Dr. Jowett is also a work of lasting interest. In the world of religious thought Professor A. V. G. Allen's "Christian Institutions," which has just come from the press, will command closest attention, covering as it does some of the most hotly contested fields of historical and critical study. Professor Allen has the power of investing the most recondite and remote subjects with interest and charm. Professor McGiffert's "Apostolic Age" is a fine example of the reverence and the vitality of modern Biblical scholarship. Three other books in widely diverse fields must be noted. Professor Tyler has carried his comprehensive history of our literature through two additional volumes devoted to "The Literary History of the American Revolution." Mr. Wyckoff's "The Workers" is an intensely interesting report of a new kind of industrial exploration and adventure. And, last but not least, Nansen has told, in "Farthest North," a story of adventure and courage of such interest that he has added another Saga to the literature of his country.

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Church Federation in England

The presence of the Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., and the addresses which he has given on the subject of the National Federation of Evangelical Free Churches in Great Britain, have attracted the attention of many people, and started an inquiry as to what that Federation actually is, and whether something similar to it would be desirable in this country. Dr. Berry has spoken with authority, for he was the first President of the Federation in Great Britain.

What has federation done for church life in Great Britain? That question is best answered by describing the organization to which we have referred. It is now about five years old. It has had a national existence, if we remember, for about three years. By it the evangelical free churches of England are organized for all the work that the denominations have in common. It is a federation of "free" churches because composed of those only which are separated from Government control. The Established Church is a State institution, and under the dictation of Parliament. The free churches of Great Britain are on the same basis as all the denominations in this country. They are responsible to no human authority. The Federation is limited to "evangelical" churches because, while there are the friendliest relations between the evangelical and so-called "liberal" denominations, yet the work which is to be done, especially along evangelistic lines, is of a kind that makes co-operation impossible. If the Federation were intended only for what may be called sociological ends, then the word evangelical would be omitted; but since it is for evangelistic service, only those can combine who recognize the leadership of Jesus Christ. By means of the Federa-

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tion the various evangelical denominations—as Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, the numerous branches of the Wesleyan Methodist body, and the Society of Friends—co-operate in the towns, in the counties, and, finally, in a National Council. Membership in the National Council is by representation from the counties and towns. Some of the objects sought are as follows:

Co-operation in evangelistic work.

The prevention of overlapping in the various communities.

The uniting of all the denominations in a common effort against the union of Church and State.

The enabling of the churches to speak with one voice concerning such social, municipal, and national questions as have distinctly ethical relations.

One illustration of how the Federation works is in the way it prevents overlapping. If in a district there are too many churches, the Council decides which church shall be given up, and how the forces can be better used for the common work. If the question is as to the starting of a new church, the inquiry is not which sect can quickest pre-empt the field, but which, in the opinion of all, can best do the work; and when that question is answered, all the denominations help, because all are equally interested.

Another illustration is in the recent expression of opinion in favor of international arbitration which has been sent to this country, and which previously had made its influence felt in Great Britain. The Nonconformist churches are now largely in the majority in that Kingdom; and when the majority of the people speak, even the officers of State find it to their interest to give attention.

These illustrations sufficiently show what the Federation is. Its first President was a Congregationalist, its second a Wesleyan Methodist, its third is a Presbyterian, and its next will be a Baptist. No Free Church, we believe, remains outside the Federation.

Is there a place for such a movement in this country? To ask the question is to answer it. Of course all the conditions are not the same here as there. We have no Established Church, and there is no doubt that the presence of the Establishment has been a strong motive for combination among Nonconformists in England. But in every other respect the conditions are practically the same in both countries. No large evangelistic enterprise can be carried on in this country without the co-operation of the various denominations in a community, and our most prominent evangelists have long made such co-operation a condition of undertaking work in any city. Meetings which are held by one denomination make little impression; when all unite, their influence is sure to be felt.

Federation is also needed to prevent overlapping, both in towns and country districts. Churches are located now without any common consideration. The denominations do not confer with one another. There is one city in New England in which two prominent churches of the same denomination, one of which cost about $200,000 and the other over $300,000, are placed within a hundred feet of each other. The second came there against the protest of the first. The example is a scandal in the community. But this is not an isolated instance. In a small town in another part of the country, within hardly more than a thousand feet of one another, stand eight churches. In not more than one instance could the location have been selected because of the need of the district; what influenced the others was the desire to be in a certain aristocratic neighborhood. Still more pernicious is the influence in small villages, where six or eight denominations crowd in and only one or two at the most are needed. The result is an appalling waste both of men and of means. The treasuries of the missionary societies are either depleted or, if not drawn upon, deprived of what they would otherwise receive for regions where there is actual spiritual desolation. Such overlapping federation would prevent. And in this country even more than in England, because of our vast territory, it is desirable that the Christian sentiment should be able to speak concerning social and political questions with a common voice. In all important respects the need for combination between the denominations is greater in this country than in England. Except that we have no Established Church the conditions are almost identical, with this difference, that the diversity of our population makes the demand here more imperative.

If such a federation is desirable, how may it be realized? It might be promoted in two ways. There are twenty or more men eminent in the Church and in the Nation, in various Christian denominations, who, if they would meet and decide upon a plan of action and urge its adoption throughout the whole

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country, would be listened to with respect; even more, it is probable that their advice would be largely followed, and that would be the beginning of a movement which every year would gather momentum.

Another plan would be for the various denominations in the cities and towns which realize the scandal of the present competition and division to unite for the common work in the districts in which they are located. The number which would do this would be small at first, but their example would be contagious. In a limited way this has already been done both in New York and in Pittsburg. As the number multiplied, some form of organization between them would be inevitable, and there would gradually grow something like the Federation of Free Churches in England.

There is only one difficulty in the way of such a movement in this country, and that is in the extent of our territory. But that only increases the urgency; and, as Dr. Berry well said, there are no more obstacles in the way of a federation of denominations in this country than in a federation of States, and what denominational federation really means is what has already been realized in our Union of States. In this plan the peculiarities of all the religious bodies are recognized and respected. No attempt is made to belittle any principle held sacred by any one. There is no war against the denominations, but rather such a development of their essential ideas as enables them to realize that the work that all have in common is greater and more imperative than that which any one has by itself.

The Federation of Evangelical Free Churches in Great Britain offers an example of the only type of church union which is possible or desirable in the present condition of spiritual development. It represents, not uniformity, but individuality, organized and inspired in common service. It is doubtful if that ideal will ever be surpassed. If organic unity is desirable, it will come in some such way as this and in no other; for this is the way of growth, and it must come by growth, not by manufacture.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—*Seneca.*

A Literary Comment

The long discussion between the adherents of Realism and of Romanticism has run its course, and has resulted, as such discussions generally result, in the perception that neither method is to drive the other from the field; that there is truth in both theories; and that the two words, standing very largely for temperamental qualities, may be expected to appear and reappear to the end of time. The Realist has succeeded in deepening the feeling for reality, veracity, and fidelity to the fact in fiction, and these are good and enduring achievements; he has not succeeded in excluding the play of a principle of selection, in diminishing the value and authority of the imagination, nor in separating the facts of life from their spiritual context. He has succeeded, in other words, in so far as he has been an artist; he has failed in so far as he has been the propagandist of a theory and the rigid practitioner of a narrow and divisive creed. He will enter the field whenever he chooses, and he will be welcomed there with a cordiality exactly proportioned to his skill, his power, and his charm; but he has failed to gain exclusive possession of the field; the writer of romantic or idealistic temper is not only still beside him, but will always be beside him. The two must learn to live and work together.

In so far as Realism stands for a deeper feeling for life and a deeper fidelity to truth, it has made a lasting impression on the literature of our time; but in so far as it has attempted to establish its exclusive authority it has utterly failed. The revolt against the extreme polemical type of Realism or Naturalism in France, where it has been exhibited in so many works of genuine power, steadily gains headway. It grows more and more clear, for instance, that Zola's force is not art, and that art is, after all, essential to literature; that art is not an artificial but the vital quality in great writing. It grows clear, too, that Zola has the worst fault charged against the Romanticists: he is not true. Instead of excluding the principle of selection and taking life as it comes, he has simply changed the method of selection and substituted one grouping of facts for another, with the disadvantage of selecting facts essentially repulsive. The great show of photographic accuracy which Zola often makes is delusive, and the impression produced on the reader by many of his novels is as misleading as if it

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had been conveyed by an old-fashioned romancer. In fact, people are now saying that there is far more truth in George Sand's portraiture of the French peasant than in Zola's. And there are those who think that Zola is the greatest Romanticist of his time!

There never have been any consistent Realists in the sense of photographic reproduction of Nature. The photograph, as everybody knows, is inaccurate; the constitution of man is involved in every observation, and if man could step aside and let Nature reproduce herself there would be, not a picture, but a meaningless blur; for man holds the key to Nature, and Nature is unintelligible without him. In like manner, human life is meaningless and unintelligible without the spiritual insight and interpretation which constitute a principle of selection. And it grows more and more clear that the Greek instinct was sound when it discarded the abnormal, the diseased, and the insignificant from art representation; not as a matter of convention, but as a deep and enduring principle of Nature. We have a deeper sympathy with humanity under all conditions than the Greeks had, and our field of interests is immensely wider; but their instinct was sound, and, after a surfeit of disease, uncleanness, and moral horrors of all kinds, we are feeling the need of a corrective force in modern fiction. "The true artist has health," writes M. Edmond Scherer, one of the sanest of critics. "Shakespeare, Bossuet, Walter Scott, are men who were well; as for Joubert and Vinet, they wrote in bed, supported by a pillow, covering little sheets of paper with fine handwriting. Now, the public, in general, is in good health. It does not understand invalids and does not care for them." It may be added that it sympathizes with them, but will not, for obvious reasons, accept their interpretations of life. In like manner, it will study moral and physical monstrosity for remedial purposes, but it does not care to impart to them the immortality of art. There ought to be a chasm between the sensational newspaper and literature, not only in manner but in matter.

There are no polemical Realists in America, although more than one charming writer has occasionally rushed into the field and waved the standard. Mr. Garland's "Crumbling Idols" is perhaps as polemical as any utterance of this kind since Mr. Howells left the Editor's Study in "Harper's Magazine." But Mr. Garland was not at his best in that book, and nobody judges him by it. He is to be judged by his fiction. The new edition of his books which is coming from the press of the Messrs. Appleton will put into the hands of readers for the first time the complete work of a man whose knowledge of life in some sections of the Central West is both intimate and accurate, and whose workmanship is stamped by absolute integrity. Mr. Garland often uses the word Veritism to describe the art method in which he deeply believes and which he conscientiously pursues. It is a good word so long as it is not used polemically, and many of Mr. Garland's short stories admirably illustrate its meaning. In these stories Mr. Garland shows a fixed resolution to get human rather than purely literary interest into his portraitures; to make the story significant in the highest degree of human condition and character; wherever he has done this, with a wise selection of theme, he has revealed insight and skill of a genuine order and has given us first-hand work. No one has made us feel so deeply the crushing toil of life on great farms or the solitude of life in isolated homes in the Northwestern winter as he; no one has expressed more adequately or sympathetically the fertility, the beauty, the spaciousness of the prairie. Such work shows the artistic quality of the man no less than his sincerity.

The "Creamery Man of Molasses Gap," which appears in another column, is a typical example of his closeness of observation and his democracy of spirit. It leaves an impression of moral and social squalor on the mind; but thoughtful readers will not fail to note that through these vulgar conditions there plays a certain idealism. The swift transformation of Nina as the result of her love for Claude is a touch of that quality which redeems vulgarity, and lacking which vulgarity ought never to be portrayed. Crudity is never uninteresting or insignificant when it is on the way to better things. But in literature, as in life, we are drawn toward and interested in those who stand for and interpret something large or fine to us—people who mean something. One defect of a good deal of recent fiction has been that it has crowded the stage with people who mean nothing, who signify nothing, and who are entirely devoid of every kind of interest. The human drama without the suggestion of a spiritual interpretation and meaning is as colorless as the landscape would be without the sky.

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A Thought for Advent

The beautiful collect in the Prayer-Book for the first Sunday in Advent is a petition that "we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal." In these words is the key-note of the manner of his coming who brought life and immortality to light in this dark world: He came in great humility. The divinest person who has yet appeared among men, he was also one of the most obscure in condition and appearance; clothed with such power as has never been lodged in another bearing the form of man, he was apparently defenseless and helpless. The humblest conditions awaited him; the humblest circumstances surrounded his youth; his associates and his occupation were unpretentious; his ministry was unheralded by priestly pomp and splendor; his life was of the simplest; he died with malefactors. The glory that was in him was so completely veiled that no one ever saw it, although a few loving souls dimly discerned the divinity which clothed his speech and his works with a beauty beyond that of the noblest human character. As he faced the most tragic experiences of life and drank the cup of sorrow to the dregs that he might show that the spirit within him was indestructible and the consolation he brought greater than any demand that could be put upon it, so he wore the meanest dress, and lived the obscurest life, and performed the commonest duties, in order that he might make it clearer that the possibilities of the divinest living are in every career, that every man is sacred because he is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and that in the whole range of the vicissitudes of life nothing is common or unclean unless we choose to make it so. He not only redeemed the whole race down to its vilest member, but he lifted into divine fellowship all the sons of men down to the most neglected and obscure. The old teachers said that some were kings and the rest subjects; Christ made us all kings and priests unto God. In his humiliation the whole human race was glorified; in his exaltation the whole race was lifted up. But in this disclosure of latent kinship with God we can find our share only by casting away the works of darkness and putting on the armor of life.

Christ cannot give what we are not ready to receive. We may hail his advent with the worshiping shepherds or remain in darkness with the Scribes and Pharisees. The advent has been made; the light is shining in the darkness of the world; it remains for us to decide whether we will live in that light or continue in the works of darkness.

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The Spectator

"I sometimes wonder," said the publisher, "if you who are so fond of handling and browsing upon new books realize what it means to make them. You know something of the time and toil and trouble in writing words, but did you ever stop to consider the trouble and toil and time involved in the complicated process of getting those words, between two covers, upon the library tables of the public? Did you ever speculate upon what it really means to print publish, push, and sell books?

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"Now, aside from the publisher's own great guessing problem in regard to the probable, or improbable, field for the unmade book, think for a moment of the expert knowledge required, after the MS. is all set up in the sort of type decided upon, the galley proofs corrected, the page proof O. K.'d, the paper selected and cut, and the pages of the new book all printed. Take the matter of the cover alone, with its questions of beauty, durability, salability, appropriateness, etc.: did you know, for instance, that sometimes a dozen designs are submitted by nearly as many artists, each of whom has to be seen and talked to; and, after the right one is chosen, did you ever think of the various processes in cutting the die and reproducing the colors on the cloth or—but here we come to the problem of materials, linen or leather, or silk, satin, canvas, buckram, vellum, wood. And in all this, too, there is the consideration of cost as well as æsthetic and commercial attractiveness. Why, sir, upon

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this one detail in the art of book-making alone I could tell you enough which I believe you do not know to fill the Spectator's department half a dozen times, without even mentioning the mightier and more perplexing problems of putting the newly bound volume on the market, the advance notices that have already gone out to reviewers, the advance sheets that now go out, the sample volumes to the dealers that soon follow, the posters, the innumerable advertisements written by experts, the 'Literary Notes' that strive, generally in vain, not to sound like advertisements, the traveling salesmen, the wholesale jobbers, the—"

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Though, doubtless, the publisher could fill many pages, as he said, he is not to do so at present. But it was quite natural for him to be full of words upon this subject at this particular time and place; for it happened to be immediately after a good luncheon, and the two stood together in the midst of copies of all the books recently published in New York. They crowded each other in a great bank of books which extended about the walls of two large, old-fashioned rooms in an old-fashioned house where there are congenial fireplaces with beautifully bruised and polished andirons, and quaint pieces of furniture that have stories about them, and a grill-room in the basement below with a sanded floor and caressable high-backed, straddle-leg chairs, and mugs hanging from the low ceilings, and rare programmes, and autographs of authors, and the original drawings of menu designs made by famous artists for dinners given to famous men by other famous men. Here have taken place the memorable "Story-tellers' Nights" and "Hunters' Nights" and 'Ghost Nights" and other notable nights, and here by day a goodly number of those who make books or sell them and a number of those who write and illustrate them gather together and—eat. For this is the Aldine Club, named for "the first editor and the greatest of early printers." This exhibition of books is to show what the members do when not eating.

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"You must bear in mind," said the publisher, "that these include only the books published since the first of July."

The Spectator bore it in mind, and glanced about. There were rows and rows of books upon subjects from the spiritual life to animal books for bad children. "Will they all be read?" he asked.

"They will sell," said his friend the publisher. "But this talk about exorbitant profits of the publishers is nonsense. Look at one of those books."

The Spectator did so.

"No, no, the outside first, the cover and binding as well as the typography and paper and illustrations. Now look about at the collection; observe the beauty and variety."

"It is very beautiful," said the Spectator, thinking, however, that the variety even excelled the beauty.

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There were covers in blue, covers in red, in white, in black, in green, in yellow, and some, the Spectator believes, in quite all those colors at once. They were of various sorts of silks and fine linens, and calf, and coarse leather, and some in natural wood, showing the grain. One was in coarse, rough, brown paper, extending far out beyond what was required as a covering for the book. Many showed designs that were at once artistic and appropriate; others that were not so appropriate, though possibly artistic enough. With certain ones the title, though short, was quaintly spread out over the whole front cover of the book; upon other covers it would be crowded up into one corner. On still others the letters of the title were placed one on top of another, or, rather, one below another—an arrangement hardly less confusing, by the way. But for the most part they were not displeasing to the eye; many were beautiful, and all were striking.

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"Now think of the books you were accustomed to read as a child," continued the publisher: "an ugly, cheap, brown cover, with a blank stamp, or at best a hideous, rustic design, made, no doubt, by the binder's die-cutter; no colored ink on the binding at all, no beauty, no art. And the illustrations within?—crude woodcuts drawn on the actual wood blocks by the illustrator. We won't speak of the type, which has made so many oculists rich.

"And yet," he said, shaking a small red book at the Spectator, "which costs the less? And also, do modern authors fare worse or better?" (He still shook the small volume.) "And still they talk about the unjust profits

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of the unscrupulous publisher! Why, we furnish the same thing in more convenient form and sell it at half the price, and in addition we give free of charge a beautiful commercial binding, which will cultivate the æsthetic sense of the public, and which also affords lucrative employment to hundreds of designers and artists and even architects—some of our most notable designs have been conceived by well-known architects, though for the most part they are made by men and women (some of the best are by women) who are kept exceedingly busy doing nothing else. And we American publishers take a great deal of pride in the fact that no other countries can cope with us in the beauty and success of our commercial bindings.

"All this takes money, and yet books are cheaper and more numerous than ever before; and so, altogether, we publishers think we are doing our part toward the advancement of civilization and the spread of culture. But I must be off," he concluded, abruptly, tossing down the small red book. "Look over these books and write something about what I have said."

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The publisher returned to his establishment in order to make more books, and the Spectator did as he was bidden. But also he would like to write something about what the publisher did not say. For it seems to the Spectator, who to be sure is merely a spectator, that the object of his good friend the publisher, and of the publisher's friends who have joined with him to make this united exhibition of these their wares, was, not to pay out money for fanciful book-covers in order to cultivate the æsthetic sense of the public, but to sell books. The technical term "commercial binding," which the publisher unconsciously let slip, was not coined to denote a binding peculiarly adapted toward helping the cause of civilization, but the cause of trade. These covers attract attention. It is necessary to gain attention before a sale may be effected. That, of course, is the reason for beautiful covers. Pray what other can there be?

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Some of one's friends at the Aldine, and a still larger number at the Grolier Club, would doubtless reply, "Symbolism." Now in this exhibition the Spectator noticed few covers that contained intelligible or symbolic symbolism. He saw no reason for any symbolism. Why should a binding be made to fulfill such a function? Within was, and still is, the whole story. The author has written it all, the beginning and the end, without reference to the unmade cover; and the beauty of binding, while great, can only be an accompanying beauty, and has no more to do with the intrinsic value of the book as literature than a handsomely molded frame has to do with the art of painting. After all, a cover is only a cover to protect the book which is *within* from injury or loss of leaves. But that is not to say that merely the name of the book shall be written in plain letters on the cover for mere identification. Certainly not. Beautiful covers by all means. The Phœnicians and our aboriginal Americans in the South made beautiful ornamentations on their commonest household utensils. Certainly we should make decorations on the coverings of such precious things as our books. And why should not our grocers and dry-goods merchants adopt tinted paper with quaint designs made by artists? Doubtless they some day will. But their motive, indeed, will not be that of the Aztec or Phœnician, who decorated jars because of the scarcity of outlets for artistic expression.

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The motive will be that of competition, which is indeed a very good, sound, healthy, normal motive and bears good results. For, see, an "art" binding is adopted because it calls attention to the book. And, watch, it gets it, a sale follows, the book is read, the cause of culture (if the book is good) is furthered, the beautiful cover does its part toward developing the public taste, just as the publisher remarked; meanwhile the designer of the cover and the illustrator of the book and the printer and the binder have all progressed financially and professionally—more even than the publisher said. Only the motive for all this is not publishers' beneficence, but Business, a motive we can rely upon as being stronger and more lasting, and one which is, the Spectator thinks, quite as worthy of respect.

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The MAKING of BOOKS

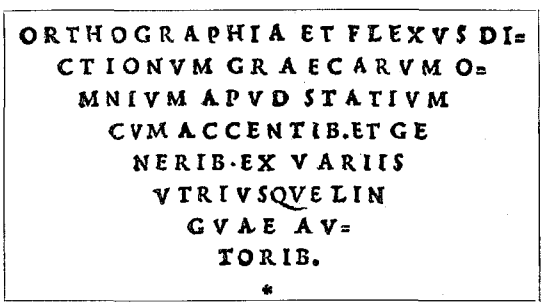
The Printing of Books

By Theodore L. De Vinne

"WHO Spoils our New English Books?" This was the title of an address by Henry Stevens, delivered at Cambridge, England, in 1882, before the Library Association, and afterward published by the Chiswick Press. It was brief and stinging. Every contributor to a spoiled book, from the opinionated author to the careless binder, was properly birched. The conclusion reached was that books were spoiled, not merely by want of skill or care on the part of the workmen, but by want of proper plan on the part of the author or publisher. Work was too often begun before it was properly prepared.

How to properly plan or print a book is not to be taught in an essay or even in a volume. As well try to give a formula for the painting of a picture or the writing of a poem. It must be presupposed that the planner of a new book is familiar with well-printed books, that he has some knowledge of the processes of printing, and that he will take counsel with experts. Refusal to seek this counsel often leads to serious consequences. An author who insisted on being his own publisher began an expensively illustrated quarto, before a page was put in type, by ordering the full-page illustrations to be printed in an improper position on the leaf. In disregard of another protest from the typographic printer, he insisted on faulty margins about the pages of type. When the sheets were gathered by the binder, the complete book showed too much back margin for the type and too little for the illustrations. The binder had to cut off the backs of the folded sections, to reduce all the print to single leaves, and to re-sew each leaf by an expensive and unworkmanlike method. So treated, the book barely passed acceptance. The lost time, wasted paper, increased cost, and bad workmanship could have been avoided if the author had formed a plan and counseled with an expert.

Printers and publishers who have large experience in the making of books never begin a book before all details of manufacture have been considered. Stevens tells that it was the custom of Pickering, the publisher, and Whittingham, the printer, who worked together harmoniously for many years, to separately "sit upon every new book and pain fully hammer out in his own mind its ideal form and proportions." That done, at least two conferences were needed to reconcile disagreements and adjust details. When they agreed, and not before, the copy went to the printer with unequivocal directions about every feature. The result was a well-made book.


ORTHOGRAPHIA ET FLEXVS DI=
CTIONVM GRAECARVM O=
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TITLE-PAGE OF "STATIUS" OF 1502
Aldus Manutius, Venice.
No display of type and no decoration.

To plan a book so that title, sub-title, and running title, chapter heads and summaries, sub-headings, preface, notes, tables, and index shall have a distinctive size of type or special style of composition, and yet have all so co-ordinated that the casual reader will perceive at a glance the relative value of each division, is not a task to be hurriedly done. It can be done wisely only after a conference

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between the author and printer. All the constituents of a book, from its paper and type to its binding, should be determined before any work on it is done. The paper must be adapted to the type, the margins to the page, the engravings and decorations to the paper. The number of pages to be printed on the sheet, to be folded together in the section, to be made up in one form for the press, must be provided for. Before any composition or engraving is done, the particular method of sewing and binding should be decided. The time required for composition and proof-

MAXIMI TYRII PHI
losophi Platonici Sermones siue
Disputationes XLI.

EX COSMI PACCII ARCHI-
epiſcopi Florentini interpretatione,
Ab Henrico Stephano quamplurimis in locis
emendata.

EX OFFICINA HENRICI
Stephani Pariſienſis typographi.
AN. M. D. LVII.

TITLE-PAGE OF "MAXIMUS TYRIUS," 1557
Henry Stephens, Paris.
Note the simplicity of arrangement of type in paragraph style. Device used only to identify the printer with the edition.

reading, for cutting overlays and making-ready forms, for presswork and drying of ink, and for pressing of the sheets in the sheet and in the case, must be estimated. Nor is this enough. To make sure of good workmanship, allowance of time must be made for unforeseen disappointments.

The possibilities of a faulty plan and of disappointment in time are most clearly apprehended by those who have large experience in book-making. A leading Parisian publisher of fine books is not content with a plan. He insists on having made for him, at largely added expense, one experimental copy, complete in every feature, which he criticises severely but slowly for months before the edition proper is printed. In this experimental copy he sees errors in his own plan and faults in technical execution that can be corrected in the regular edition. It is a tedious and an expensive method, but the result is always beneficial. The cost of the work apparently wasted in making this experimental copy, when added to the cost of the regular edition, is one reason why some *éditions de luxe* are of high price. "To get a satisfactory dwelling," said Mr. Beecher, "two houses should be built—the first to show you what you do not like, the second to get what you do want."

To the amateur the trial copy and the elaborated plan are formalities of small value. The man who consults and defers to an architect in the building of a house, or to a mechanician in the construction of a new machine, seldom realizes his need of guidance in the making of a book. What he does not know about details he hopes to learn as the work goes forward from printer to pressman and from pressman to binder; but he soon finds that knowledge so acquired comes too late. He usually begins by determining an arbitrary size of page, in a fashion of type he likes, and has types set and plates made and illustrations engraved before he has selected the paper. When it is too late to correct his errors of plan, he finds that his page is too small for his copy or too large for economical presswork; that his illustrations cannot be printed with the type; that the paper he has to accept is of unsuitable size, weight, or finish, and makes waste or bad margins; that the first fault of an unwisely selected size of page leads to graver faults in other processes.

In determining the proportions of the leaf, preference should be given to the sizes and shapes established by publishers. A leaf a trifle wider or shorter than the commoner sizes may cause unforeseen expense without any corresponding benefit.

Upon the untrimmed leaf of the paper selected may be marked out in pencil the exact size of the page of type, which penciling will also accurately define the margins. At this stage expert advice is needed, for

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TITLE-PAGE OF "HUNGARY," 1634

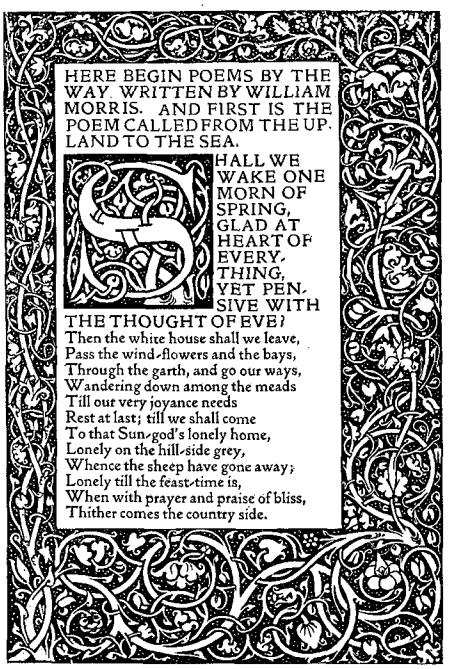
Elzevirs, Leyden.

margins must differ for different kinds of books and different styles of sewing and binding. The thick pamphlet or magazine to be side-stitched by thread or wire must have a wide back margin; a book to be trimmed must have a wide front margin. For the ordinary sewed book an approved rule is to make the back and head margins of equal width; to give at least one-half more of width to the fore margin and twice as much to the tail margin. This puts the page quite out of center, and allows liberal front and tail margins for annotations or for trimming in a rebinding. A good French rule is to make the sum of front and tail margins twice as much as that of head and back margins.

The proportions of a page of type should never be determined before the size of the leaf untrimmed has been decided. The type page should be in proper proportion with the leaf.

Margins should also be controlled by the size of the type; a large type and an open page call for large margins.

The selection of paper is not entirely a question of taste; some papers kindly receive print, while others are invincibly refractory; some offer a good background for the type and the thought of the author, while others are in painful contrast. For books in small type or with many fine illustrations, a smooth paper is always to be preferred. Half-tone cuts appear to best advantage on coated or polished paper. Rough-surfaced imitations of hand-made paper often make disappointing books when they have been printed dry, as is the usual practice. The rough surface wears types, and does not allow the ink to penetrate. The print is unavoidably gray and faded; but pale printing, which came in with the new fashions of meager type and dry-paper presswork, is now so common that it is rarely rated as a fault. To imitate the strong, readable print of the old masters of typography it is not enough to provide old-style types and hand-made paper. Old methods must be followed; the rough paper must be softened by dampening before it will fairly receive the ink. As a rule, the hand-made papers of to-day are needlessly thick and coarse, fit for quartos and folios only. When used for the smaller sizes, they make stiff and snappy leaves, hard to fold and to sew, and harder still to bind in a book of passable flexibility. Contrast the modern hand-made paper used in our small books with the papers of Aldus, the Stephens, and the Elzevirs. The old papers are thin, tough, opaque, with


HERE BEGIN POEMS BY THE WAY. WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MORRIS. AND FIRST IS THE POEM CALLED FROM THE UP-LAND TO THE SEA.
SHALL WE WAKE ONE MORN OF SPRING, GLAD AT HEART OF EVERYTHING, YET PENSIVE WITH THE THOUGHT OF EVE?
Then the white house shall we leave,
Pass the wind-flowers and the bays,
Through the garth, and go our ways,
Wandering down among the meads
Till our very joyance needs
Rest at last; till we shall come
To that Sun-god's lonely home,
Lonely on the hill-side grey,
Whence the sheep have gone away;
Lonely till the feast-time is,
When with prayer and praise of bliss,
Thither comes the country side.

TITLE-PAGE OF "POEMS BY THE WAY," 1891

(Reduced Facsimile.)

William Morris, London.

Note the subordination of type to the decorative border, as well as the dislocation of words opposite the initial letter.

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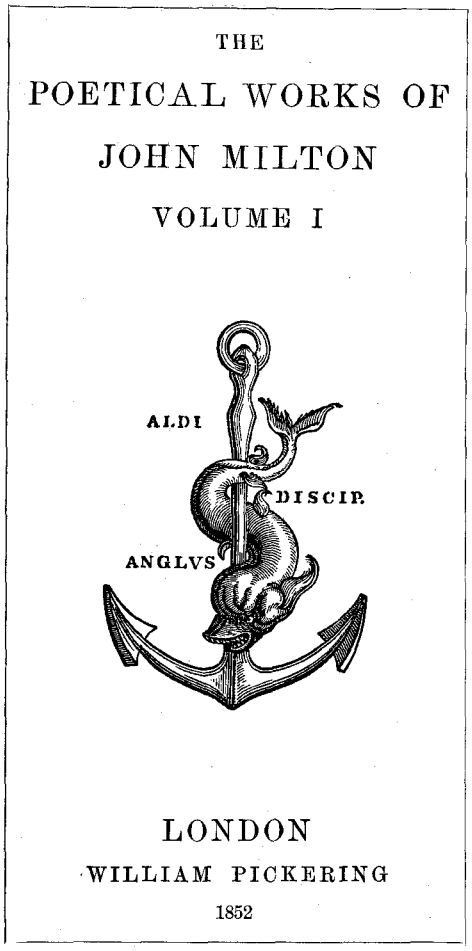

THE TITLE-PAGE OF "POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON," 1852

No attempt at display. Simple and orderly arrangement of words.

close wire-marks, often decidedly smooth, always pliable and pleasant to the eye and to the touch. Rough papers of all kinds, hand-made or imitation, should be reserved for sober or virile writings. Poems and dainty books of every description should be on smooth paper, but that smooth paper need not always be shiny. There should be a visible harmony between the subject matter and its vehicle of expression in print.

How can one make a book attractive? The novice in book-making hopes to do it by ornamentation, by a new and startling cut of type, by some eccentric arrangement of types, by a servile imitation of the worst features of mediæval printing, by borders, red ink, head-bands, initials—what not? There are many methods. Before he commits himself to any method, let him ask of himself this question—What does the reader buy a new book for? Certainly not to see or to own the handicraft of paper-maker, printer, or binder; he seeks the thought of the author, and to this end every mechanical contributor should give way. A paper that dazzles or surprises by its novel finish or texture is not a good background for sober thought in print. Arrangements of types or fashions of types that divert attention from the matter to the manner are an impertinence. Even illustrations are of questionable value when they do not really aid the reader to a better understanding of the author's intent. Head-bands, tail-pieces, and initials are decorative when they are well designed and correlated and fill unsightly gaps of white, and are either in harmony with, or in strong contrast to, a monotonous text; but they are not at all decorative, often disfiguring, when too large, of discordant design, and patchworky in their combination. The curious paper and the eccentric style of type or composition desirable in an advertising pamphlet intended to attract a listless reader are not helps, but hindrances, to the intent of

ELZEVIR is so called because it was made for the Elzevirs of Leyden about 1625.

DIDOT is a recent imitation of the types of Ambroise-Firmin Didot in 1790.

CASLON OLD-STYLE was made after Dutch models by William Caslon in 1720.

JENSON is modeled on the form of Roman letter made by Nicolas Jenson at Venice in 1470.

THIS FACE and the Chaucer type of William Morris are hybrid forms of black-letter.

CAXTON is a letter in the old Flemish style. Used by William Caxton at London in 1477.

OLD-FACE TYPE LATELY REVIVED

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a teacher. A book should be so planned that every contributor to it keeps his place, and this first place should always be given to the author. The handicraft of the mechanical contributors, and even of the illustrator, should be subordinate and unobtrusive. This rule, even when most rigidly enforced, does not prevent the use of the best paper and the highest skill of printer and binder. Indeed, the rule compels them to higher effort. The book so produced may have a Quaker-like simplicity, but its workmanship will be respected and preserved when more pretentious printing has been forgotten.

On the previous page is an exhibit of some of the revived old faces selected for texts in the belief that startling novelty of style will make the book more attractive. How long will the novelty charm? How often is the selection of face suitable for the text?

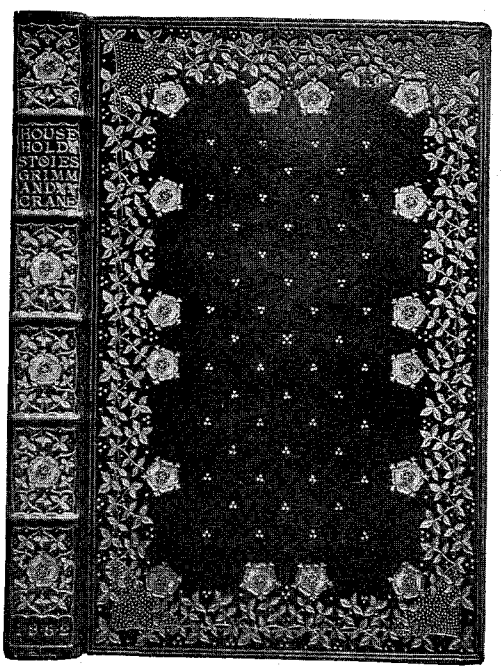
Bookbinding as a Fine Art

By Ernest Dressel North

THE late Eugene Field once said of a friend smitten with bibliomania that "he knew nothing about books —but their insides." It is, however, quite the contrary with this article, as it is to deal exclusively with the outside of books. It has been said that fine binding holds the relation to a book that evening dress does to a gentleman. He always looks his best when so clothed. In a brief article, perhaps the simplest plan is to follow the historic example of Gaul and divide into three parts, these being Historic, Modern, and Commercial.

The exact origin of binding is not accurately known. Possibly it was a copper cylinder made to contain a scroll or papyrus — as the Jews kept their sacred writings; or perhaps some soft fabric — in which Babylonian cylinders might have been wrapped, to prevent their being chipped or becoming otherwise injured.

Of the various materials used for binding prior to the invention of printing, one might mention silver, gold, brass, iron, ivory, wood, brocade, and velvet. It is said that vellum and skins were not used until about the time of the invention of printing.



EXAMPLE OF BINDING BY COBDEN-SANDERSON, 1890
[From the library of Sir Frederic Leighton]

One must not forget how precious a thing a book was before the fifteenth century, for, besides being entirely in manuscript, many were beautifully illuminated by hand, with initial letters, borders, head and tail pieces, and sometimes with exquisite vignettes; hence, in early times, no binding was too precious to incase a book of devotions that may have taken some pious monk his lifetime to make.

Football, baseball, golf, and cricket were not known in those days, so when a novice, burning with enthusiasm, wanted to show his devotion, instead of spending his spare time in preparatory training and then winning football games for his Alma Mater, he hied himself to his pens and paints, and vented his surplus energy upon some classic Book of Hours or Missal. Some one has made the computation that as much time, labor, and expense was bestowed upon many of the mediæval manuscripts as would suffice, at the present day, to build a lordly mansion.

In binding, the artisan was called on to assist the scribe to make his volume precious, gold and silver workers especially vying with

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each other in their elaborate ornamentation of a precious volume.

The first idea of binding was the holding together of leaves for their preservation. The monastic bindings were thick, heavy, solid, and frequently clumsy. When a book was intended for common use, it was usually bound in thick wood covered with coarse leather, with metallic bosses, corner plates, and clasps, and thus protected from impious hands. When, however, the book was a present to, or the property of, a king, prince, or high dignitary, ivory, silver, gold, enamel of Limoges—oftentimes inlaid with jewels or precious gems—was used. It was during the Renaissance that silk and velvet were introduced. Such gold-workers of distinction as Benvenuto Cellini were employed to aid the binder in enriching his volume, or the donor in putting his recipient under added obligations.

FRENCH BINDING
Coat of Arms of Madame de Pompadour

Naturally, kings, queens, and noblemen used their coats of arms or monograms on their bindings. Sometimes these were elaborately worked out with precious stones; oftener, in early times, embroidered by dainty fingers. Carved ivory and oak were excellent mediums for carrying out such emblazonments. When gold tooling on leather came into vogue, it was a comparatively easy matter to do this. Kings had the coats of arms of their favorites entwined with their own, or sometimes their initials interlaced, as those of Henry II. and Diana of Poictiers. Sometimes a favorite's coat of arms or initials were worked in the crest of the king, as in the case of Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour.

With the invention of printing and the multiplication of books, modern binding may be said to commence. The improvement in mechanical arts and the extension of education also largely influenced the art. Various leathers took the place of silver, gold, and ivory. Vellum also appeared about this time. Pigskin was used alone or occasionally combined with carved oak. It was toward the close of the fifteenth century, however, that several of the princely owners of fortunes cast about for a way to spend their money, and lit upon the expedient of employing skillful artists to bind their volumes. Two conspicuous names in the history of the art loom up—Michael and Thomas Maoli. They were the first patrons known to encourage decorative binding. Subsequently the name of these patrons was applied to the style of binding and decoration.

It must not be forgotten that leather, notably Levant morocco with gold tooling, and the inlaying of other moroccos, were at that time but a recent vogue. The next century saw another Italian collector, Demetria Canevari by name. He followed somewhat in the footsteps of

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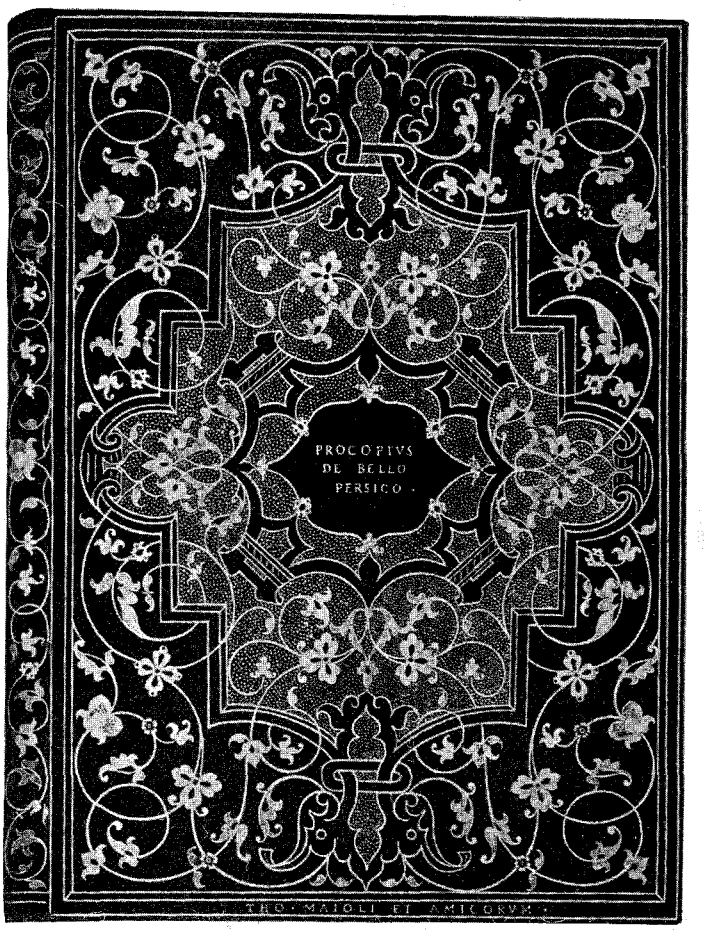
Maoli. When Charles VIII. and Louis XII. came back to France from Italy, among other treasures they brought with them were Italian bindings, which at once aroused emulation in the French artistic world.

We know of no man in the history of binding so often mentioned and so little really understood as Grolier, who knew the Maolis, and doubtless considered himself a disciple. I have heard him called a binder, a printer, an artist, a librarian, an author, and a prince. The misapprehension concerning him would fill a whole article the length of this. In fac , he was none of the characters named above, although he was military treasurer of Francis I. and Governor of Milan, his real name being Jean Grolier de Servier, Vicomte d'Argusy. He was a friend of Clement VII. and conducted important diplomatic negotiations between France and Italy. The world seems to be more interested in him, however, as a patron of letters and lover of books, rather than as a diplomat. He seemed to be a kind of Mæcenas to the literary men of his time, as many volumes were dedicated to him. It is recorded that Erasmus was fond of him.

His passion for the inside of books developed into a passion for the outside, and his taste and care for the proper clothing of his favorites have led to the confusion concerning his own occupation. Each volume bound for his library seems to have been superintended by himself. Almost priceless is a volume with the motto upon it, "Io Grolierii et amicorum." Grolier's noted library remained intact until 1675, when it was scattered. Only occasionally and at fabulously high prices have his books appeared. His name soon passed to the style of decoration he was so fond of. It is said that of the many workmen he employed as binders the name of not a single one is known.

The Grolier style is an interlaced frame-



ITALIAN BINDING
Maoli Design

work of geometrical figures, circles, squares, and diamonds, with scroll-work running through it, the ornaments of which are of moresque character, generally azured in whole or in part, though sometimes in outline only. In the use of inlaid leathers, at this time they were generally painted by hand.

The influence of Grolier and his workmen brought the French school suddenly to the front. The learned De Thou said of Grolier bindings that "his books partook of the elegance and polish of their owner." Certain it is that the style is to this day considered elegant, chaste, and appropriate.

Leather binding at once was recognized as one of the fine arts, particular attention being paid to the purchase and treatment of Levant

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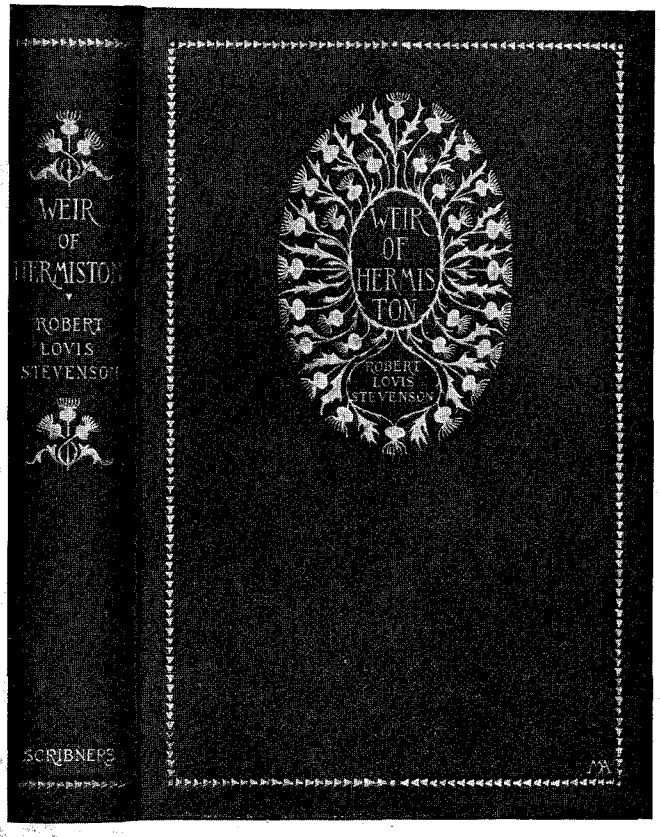

SILK BINDING: DESIGN BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG
(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

morocco, which is a superior goatskin. It is said of Louis XIV.'s Minister, Colbert, that he was so much interested in artistic bookbinding that in a treaty with Morocco he inserted a clause for a stipulated number of skins annually, to be used for binding the tomes in the Bibliothèque Royale.

After Grolier and his school a long succession of names—sometimes of a whole family—follows; notably Le Gascon, the Abbé Dusseul, the Eves, Padeloup, Derome, and the Jansenists, each having a distinct style of his own. England in the eighteenth century began to wake up, and produced one really great binder in the person of Roger Payne. One may note in passing that during the reign of Louis XIV. over-decoration was very greatly in vogue, while "le Grand Siècle" was succeeded by a style quite the reverse, Janseniste being named after the sect of the same name, and being marked by great simplicity of decoration as a revolt from the over-elaboration of the binders under Louis XIV.

In this century, as in most others, the French are the leading binders, a long array of artistic artisans having kept the traditions as well as the work of the older binders. One might say there are two schools, distinct in plan and differing in style—the Classical and the Free or Unconventional, the former following closely "the traditions of the elders," even to imitating their designs, while the latter, not restrained by the historic spirit, gives vent to feeling, and tends to symbolical ornamentations and pictorial inlaying; inlaid flowers, fans, fishes, even interiors of houses, are represented in a madness for novelty. Novelty is the aim, and artistic treatment is secondary, in this school.

In England this century has produced some real masters of the craft, beginning with Charles Lewis and ending with Cobden-Sanderson. England may well be proud of her apostolic succession. To-day, in London, the leading binders are Zaehnsdorf, Rivière, De Coverly, Tout, and Morrell. One must stop, in passing, to note that the handicraft of fine binding has been taken up by women, notably in England, where the work of Miss Sarah T. Prideaux and Miss Irene Nicholls commands a high price. In this country, also, Miss Nordhoff is not only binding but teaching the art.

The most original binder of this age, and in some respects the most intelligent, is Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, whose bindery is next to the late William Morris's printing establishment at Hammersmith in London. This gentleman belongs to the Arts and Crafts Society, and chose binding as the work he would do with his hands. He commenced as an amateur, but now has a regular bindery, called "The Doves Bindery." Happy is that collector who possesses a specimen of his work before he started his bindery, in the days when all the work was done by his own hands.

Dean Swift once said: "Some know books

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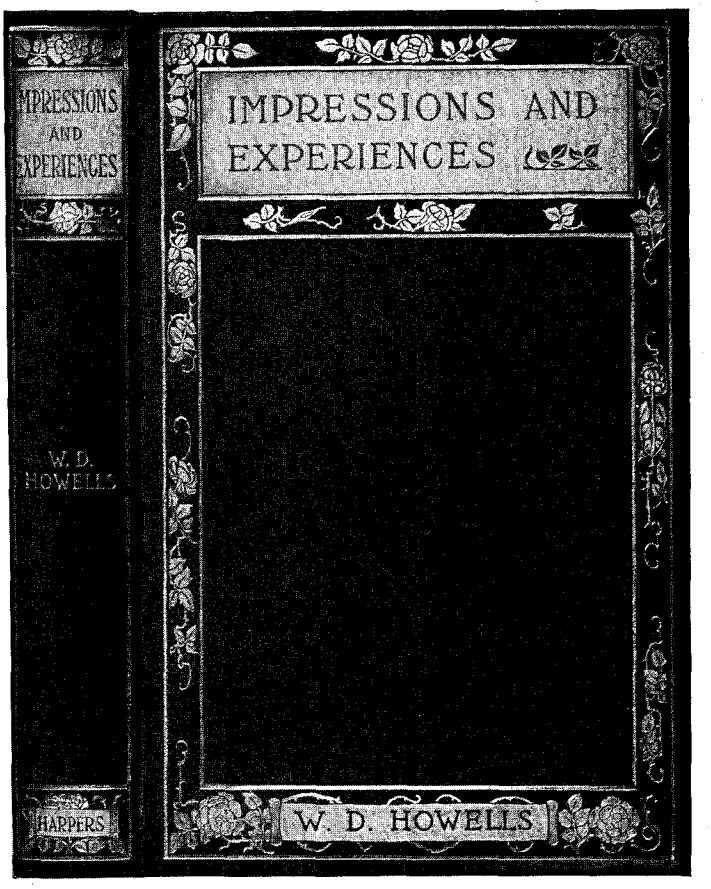
as they do lords: learn their titles exactly and then brag of their acquaintance." We confess that there are those who buy books in some such way; but happy is the man who has his favorite book properly clothed and permanently housed in a suit of leather, beautifully decorated by one of the great binders of to-day.

In America we have made great strides, since the war, in this branch of the arts, a few names rising above the others as masters of their craft. Foremost and oldest was the late William Matthews, who was succeeded by his son Alfred, who in turn was followed by his finisher, Stikeman, perhaps the best living American binder. Others who do excellent work are Bradstreets, R. W. Smith, and the Club Bindery.



CLOTH BINDING: DESIGN BY HENRY W. THAYER

(Harper & Brothers, New York)

A few words on the technicalities of the art may not be amiss here. Although various other leathers and skins have been used, it is generally accepted as the standard of fine binding that Levant morocco is the best. Of course various leathers are used, such as calf, pigskin, sheep, seal, Russia leather, and many others. Some years ago Messrs. Tiffany & Co. had an exhibition of one hundred skins possible to be used for binding. Even human skin has been so used. The writer has seen Holbein's "Dance of Death" bound in the skin of a negro, and Walton's "Complete Angler" in the skin of the salmon trout. But these are freaks of binding. One generally refers, therefore, in mentioning fine binding, to Levant morocco as the accepted leather for most successful treatment. Fine binding is separated into two well-defined divisions, the work of the forwarder and that of the finisher, the former doing everything that can be done for the book excepting putting on the gilt, and the latter doing nothing but the gilding. Now, the unit of the finisher is the tool, a small brass instrument with which the gold is put on. The more accomplished the workman, frequently the smaller and more elementary are his tools. A skilled workman requires a month simply to put the gold on an elaborate piece of decoration. Frequently the gold must be applied twice, and sometimes as often as four times. Generally the finisher draws his design on paper with the tools he intends to use. The design is then laid on the book and an impression made with the tool through the paper. The paper is then removed and the design again gone over with the tool, the leather being moistened and the tool slightly heated. After washing, sizing, and laying on of the gold leaf, the finisher works hard and patiently to make the gold lines even and crisp.

Some writers on bookbinding think the modern finisher superior in execution to the

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older, while the older was superior in conception and design.

The inlaying of leather sometimes adds greatly to the artistic effect, particularly if the colors are made to contrast. The French are said to have the first choice of all moroccos for binding, the English next, and we get the remainder. It is scarcely to be wondered at that French workmen will frequently keep a book a year before returning it to its owner, as they are always proud of their work, even though occasionally their books are bound so stiffly that it is impossible to open them.

CLOTH BINDING: DESIGN BY L. J. RHEAD

(Copeland & Day, Boston)

Among the great masters of the art in France in this century may be mentioned Trautz-Bauzonnet, Cuzin, Simier, Bozerain, Capé, Marius-Michel. David, Lortic, and Gruel. These men do little work, but each book is a masterpiece, for the commercial spirit of hurry has not successfully invaded France.

The third department of binding—and one which may be of more general interest—is technically called "commercial binding." Just when this style of binding appeared the wisest have not been able to determine. Somewhere about forty years ago the publishers, in this country in particular, cast about to find a binding which should at once be useful, decorative, and salable. As we have shown in the early part of this article, the primary use of binding was the preservation of the printed leaves. Some one has said that machinery was the unit of modern binding. Certain it is that cloth binding and the use of machines were practically unknown in the last century, sheep, bindersboard with paper labels, taking the place of the more elaborate hand-work.

Properly speaking, books in paper covers were the first to call attention to the possibilities of pictorial decoration, chromolithography forming an important part in the work. One has but to examine the decorated covers on the French books of to-day to see that the artists have let themselves loose, as it were, and gambol as they will up and down the cover. Symbolism run mad may be seen on almost any of the recent French art books. It seems as though the artists were trying to give the entire contents and story of the book on the cover, without the necessity of obliging one to purchase the book at all.

It is said that cloth binding is entirely an English invention. The early printers generally did their own binding, the roulette being the first real labor-saving machine. An engraved wood block was often used for stamping the cover of a book. The Italians were the first to use the brass stamps or plaques which now are absolutely necessary for successful commercial binding.

Long before the public demanded such a constant flow of new books, new editions of the classics, the Bible, and learned theological treatises were the only volumes issued, illustrated books being little known.

The original idea of the cloth or board cover, as we have said, being merely practical, the thought of peculiarly tasteful cloth binding, with some appeal to æsthetic taste, is of but recent origin. Certainly not over fifty years ago in England, and perhaps thirty in this country, saw the first attempt at cover decoration. We were in the decadence of "the Annual," when those dear publications were beginning to pall, that the publishers tried to devise a new way to tempt the unwary

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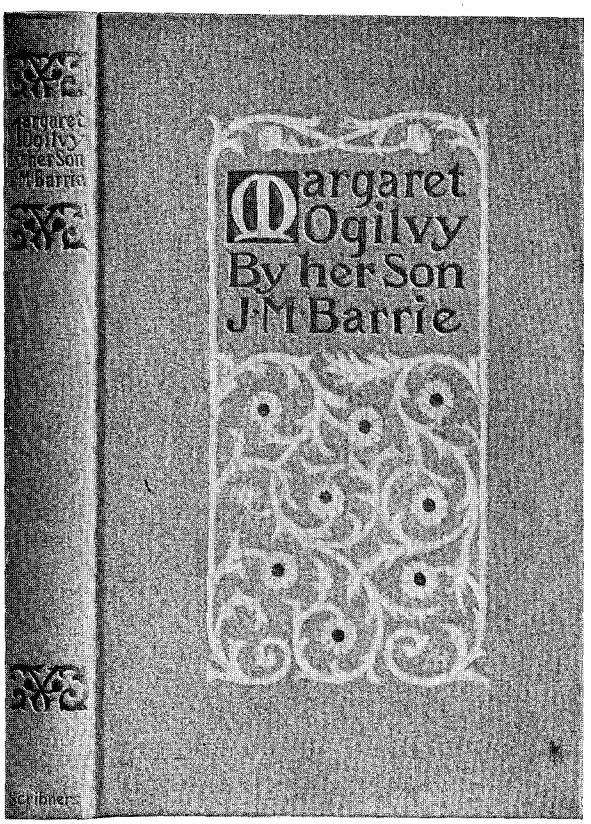
buyer and attract the purchaser by more than the contents.

It is said that of all the machines used in commercial binding, three-quarters are of Yankee origin, so that to America we must look for the perfection, if not the origin, of commercial binding.

It is said, by those best able to make the statement, that it was not until 1875 or 1880 that artists were employed to any extent to design covers, the binder making the only suggestions accepted. One of the foremost and perhaps the most influential designer for cloth covers, both in simplicity and artistic treatment, is Mrs. Whitman, of Boston, whose designs for the publications of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have been in conspicuously good taste. Evidently Mrs. Whitman does not believe in over-decoration, a tendency to be avoided. It is rather a notable thing that so many artists have turned their attention to designing for covers. Thus we have Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, George Wharton Edwards, F. Hopkinson Smith, Joseph Pennell, Edwin A. Abbey, Elihu Vedder, Walter Crane, Kenyon Cox, Will H. Low, W. Hamilton Gibson, Kate Greenaway, Hugh Thompson, R. Caldecott, Alfred Parsons, and many others. Even architects have been wooed away from their regular work and occasionally persuaded to allow their fancy to be caged within the limits of a book-cover. Mr. Stanford White easily stands at the head of these.



PAPER BINDING: DESIGN BY AMY RICHARDS

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

Upon the very recent book-covers the influence of the poster is decidedly felt. One has but to look carefully at the book entitled "Free to Serve," by E. Rayner, and published by Copeland & Day, of Boston, to see the effect of the poster. This cover is designed by Maxfield Parrish. The straw-colored background, the black Dutchman, and the red bricks of the Dutch façade are most effective. This example might be called the pictorial in book-cover designs.

Three women designers, besides Mrs. Whitman, have made successful advance in the fine art of decoration — Miss Margaret Armstrong, Miss Amy Richards, and Miss Alice Morse. Their work is usually signed.

Many new materials have come into use during this period of revival for covers; notably buckram, satin, varicolored calicoes, while silk often makes an attractive and original combination with the gold design. Here is "The Weir of Hermiston," by Robert Louis Stevenson, a notable instance of simplicity of design with a most elegant appearance. The centerpiece is a gold thistle against a background of olive-green silk. The design is by Miss Margaret Armstrong, who has done much for severity coupled with beauty in decoration.

Another material not often used is a cold gray cartridge-paper. It is most effective when treated as Miss Amy Richards has done in "Margaret Ogilvy," by J. M. Barrie. The simple design in white with gold lettering has produced a most artistic effect.

Of pictorial illustrated covers, "Meadow

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AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: CHARLES DANA GIBSON
From "Pictures of People" (R. H. Russell, New York).

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Grass," by Alice Brown, is an excellent example. The background is a light green, the grass and the foliage and the lettering are black, and the water is gold. The general effect is most happy. This design is by Louis J. Rhead.

An example of pure decoration, without particular regard to the subject matter of the book, is to be found in Messrs. Harper & Brothers' Contemporary Essayists Series. Howells's "Impressions and Experiences" is a delightful book to the eye. The title on the back and sides is in black ink surrounded by gold, while the leaves and geometrical border are also gold, the body of the book being wine-colored; the whole effect being that of some rich morocco, elaborately tooled.

One can but feel that commercial book-covers have reached their high-water mark, and that they must give way, as the poster and the book-plate craze have, to the great designers and to a greater reserve of decoration, as they are now setting the pace that kills—the publisher.

The Illustration of Books

By George Wharton Edwards

IN writing this caption I am irresistibly reminded of a story which a prominent American illustrator once told me, amusingly defining the state of illustration before the new era. The artist in question was employed by one of the large publishing houses, and, moved by a letter which he had received from a friend who had gone to Munich to study art, in which the student pictured the joys of the art school and the fine models which were so easily obtainable there, he determined to ask permission to use the model in his work. In this particular publishing house the art department was a lofty-ceiled room, with a row of tables upon the side nearest the windows, each table partitioned off from its neighbor, and before each an artist busily engaged in drawing upon the wooden block. The artist in question approached his chief, and, with some hesitation, asked for a model. Now, in all the years that the chief had spent at his desk, such a request had never before been made, for all the drawings were evolved from the inner consciousness of the artist, stimulated by files of the "Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News." The chief gazed up at the young artist through his spectacles in astonishment, while the latter explained his request. At length the chief replied that he did not know about it; he would ask the "House." In a short time the "House," in the person of the head of the firm, appeared, and the young artist, being called before him, explained in some trepidation the curious request he had made.

"Models? models? Who ever heard of such a thing! It cannot be, sir. Our artists are expected to do without models—they must have gone beyond all that sort of thing—they are expected to have their models in their heads, sir!" And so, for that day, the question of models was decided; but it was the entering wedge, and in six months' time the young artist who had urged the need of models in order to be able to do good and artistic work, and from whom practically the new movement in American illustration started, had received permission from the "House" to hire a studio in the up-town district and have all the models he required. One by one the other illustrators who were his companions at the little tables followed his course, and finally all the work of the artists was done away from the printing-house, and the little penned-up tables were put to other uses. From this time on the illustration of books received a new birth, and in a few years the entire method had changed, and by the invention of various new processes the work of the artist—that is to say, his individual touch—was brought forth with truth and fidelity, the wooden block was abandoned, and artists drew in whatever medium their fancy dictated. Models, too, at first scarce almost to the unknown, became little by little more plentiful, until finally to-day each artist has his address-book quite filled with the names of models as good, if not as cheap, as are to be found abroad. But it was not until about fifteen years ago that artists seriously turned their attention to drawing for illustration. Before that time there had been, say, less than ten men who had quite filled the demand of the publishers for illustration. The demand upon them was not very exhaustive. The publisher sent his MS. to one of these men and asked him

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AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: FREDERIC REMINGTON
From "Drawings by Frederic Remington" (R. H. Russell, New York).

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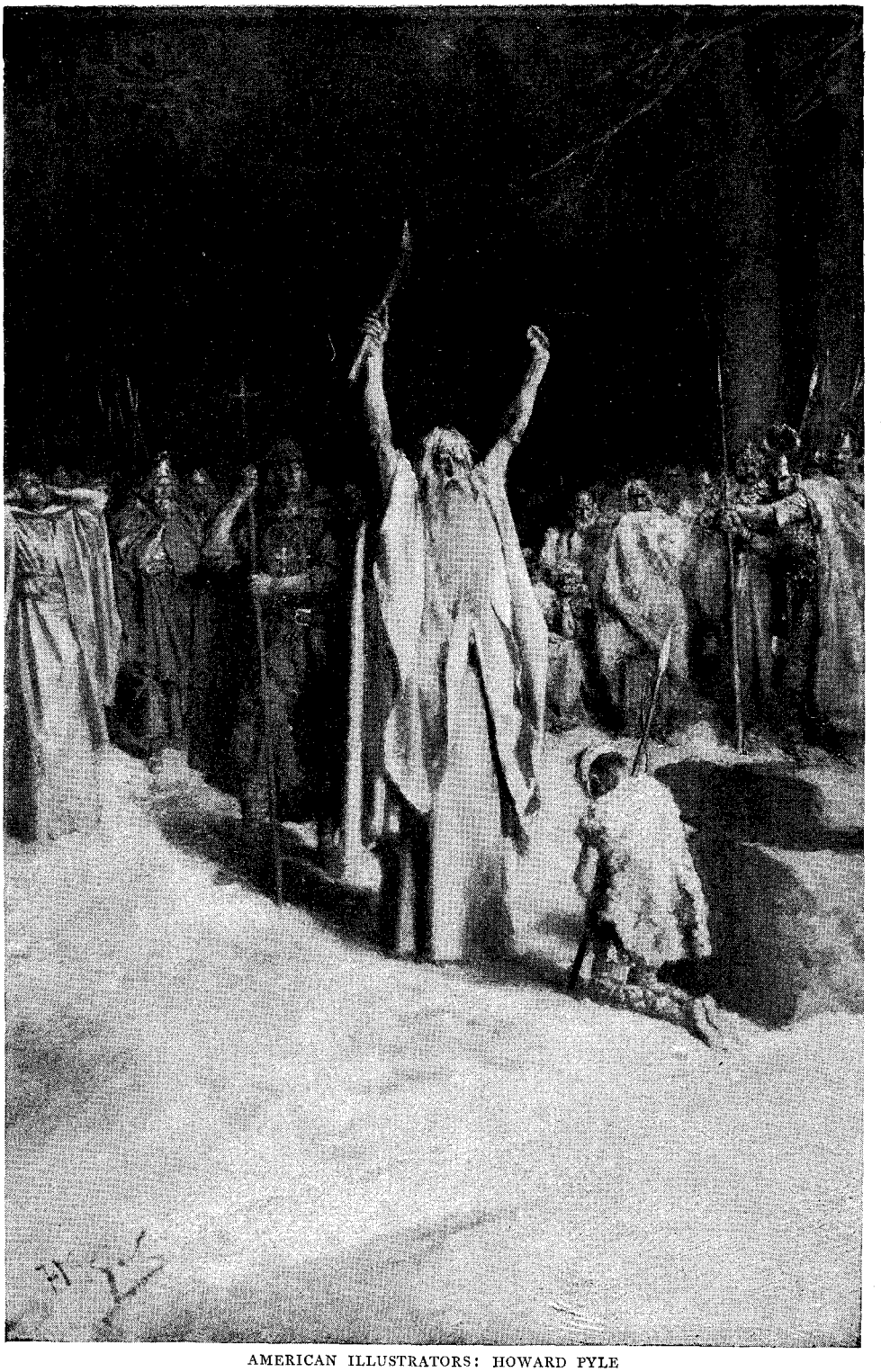

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: HOWARD PYLE
From "The First Christmas Tree" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

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to make a picture illustrating a certain line or lines, and the illustrator was expected to furnish a picture which fitted these lines and no others; he had no latitude in the matter. If Sir Galahad in the lines of the MS. grasped the heroine by the arm, then the artist must so show him in the picture. He was not expected to exercise his own imagination; and so art was still in fetters, so to speak, and things went easily for a space. But all this time young men were going abroad, and taking to themselves the advantages of the Julian and the Collarossi schools, the Beaux Arts in Paris, and the schools of Munich and Antwerp as well. These young men now began to return to America after from three to five years spent in the best schools of Europe, and as a result art awakened, the publishers found that there were better artists to be had than the old standbys, and consequently the young men soon had all that they could do. The art of illustration changed here again; the artists were permitted to select their own subjects in the MS. for illustration. The result was that the eyes of Europe were turned towards the United States, for here the art of illustration had taken on a freshness and virility unmatched elsewhere. Illustrated magazines and periodicals sprang up like magic to fill the demand of the public, which refused to look at a publication unless it had some sort of a picture. The illustration of books, too, took on a new aspect. It was found that the public desired what is known technically as the flat book—that is, large books for the table; and poems were issued at holiday time, embellished with decorations and pictures of astonishing virility and artistic quality. Artists who had hitherto produced their works in color alone began to illustrate, and *vice versa*. The illustrators were often exhibitors in the current exhibitions. So the art of the illustrator was raised in dignity, and occupied here in the United States the position to which it was entitled, and which it had long occupied abroad. This was a feverish period, and during it many books were produced which would not at this day satisfy either the publishers or the public; but, on the other hand, the virility was undeniable. Howard Pyle, that master of illustration, had just begun to show his individuality in the field which is now all his own. E. A. Abbey was producing those exquisite pictures from Herrick which he has never since equaled. Hamilton Gibson's tiny landscapes and flowers, engraved on wood with great reproductive skill, were exciting comment abroad, and Europe was expressing its surprise at the high order of talent, ability, and achievement which American illustrators were showing. And it is a proof of the excellence of the work of these men, among others, that their work has held the place it then occupied, in the face of the wonderful increase in the army of illustrators which has taken place since 1880. The illustrator has a better chance to make a reputation than the painter; the former can place his work before a larger audience than the latter. The painter of pictures depends upon the Academy Exhibitions for publicity, while the illustrator of books can appeal to the thousands. Since 1890 Mr. C. D. Gibson has perfected his graceful art, and has made known the American type of girl to the world. And, like all clever men, he has his imitators; but I have been astonished in this instance by the counterfeit Gibson who has some vogue in England, one Hal Hurst by name, whose work is so close in style and character to Gibson that, lacking the signature, any one would believe it to be by Gibson. It is hard to see what satisfaction the imitator can have in this case. Another illustrator of books, whose vogue is considerable and whose art is distinctive, is A. B. Wenzell. Strongly characterized, well drawn, and graceful, his work takes us into agreeable places. Aubrey Beardsleyism, that bogy of art, has come up and gone down in the shortest possible space of time; and while the style of that momentarily prominent young man achieved a success, it was what Whistler would style the *succès d'execration;* but it would be wrong to deny that it had a certain effect upon the illustration of books, for, however absurd and inartistic it may have seemed to the uninitiated, there was a reason behind it: it was the outcome of an endeavor to escape from the deadly commonplace, and as such it was for the moment welcomed. It has had its effect upon contemporaneous illustration both in this country and abroad, and it has begotten here more or less faithful imitators, who have since shared its fate.

Singularly enough, the charming art of Myrbach and Rossi, both Frenchmen, and the illustrators of Daudet's books, while welcomed here and greatly admired, had no effect whatever upon the output of the illustrators. Our men seemed to have no desire to emulate the style of the Frenchmen who filled the printed page with delicate, exquisite vignettes,

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AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

From "Book of Old English Love Songs" (The Macmillan Company, New York).

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delightfully drawn and reproduced, as for instance "Tartarin of Tarascon" and "Sappho." But, on the other hand, the appearance of Albert Sterner's illustrations for "Prue and I" was followed by a number of imitations, which need not be named. Then there was the holiday edition of "The Last Leaf," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, printed in Boston, which, too, was promptly followed by a half-dozen of imitations, notably "The Mahogany Tree." But this species of imitation is perhaps wrong only from an artistic point of view.

The strife among the publishers for good work augurs well for the illustrative art of the future. Only the best is wanted in literature and art in these busy days, and this struggle for supremacy, which has been brought about by ambition and a healthy, intelligent demand, has raised the standard of American illustrative art above that of any other country. Nowadays the publisher, instead of a scant half-dozen of artists from whom to select the man or men to illustrate a book, has at his command a small army of talented, capable men thoroughly educated abroad in the best of the "ateliers," under the best of the modern masters of Europe—men who are capable of not only making a good drawing, but of giving it a literary flavor as well; men who have the capabilities of the different reproductive processes at their finger-ends, and who can set the characters of fiction up on their feet, so to speak—make them live upon the page. This, indeed, is no mean art; for the illustrator, unlike the painter who in painting one or two pictures a year thinks he has done much, is called upon to make often a like number of pictures a *week*, and each of these pictures often filled with the result of study and research; and all this apart from the mere technical requirements of his profession, with which this article does not deal. Nowadays the illustrator of books is generally a specialist; that is to say, he confines himself to representing one particular phase of life; and undoubtedly art is the gainer thereby; but formerly the illustrator was required to be an all-round man—as some one has cleverly said, "one who had a smattering of furniture, arms, and all peoples, and able to draw at a moment's notice a murder, a wedding, a horse-race, or the opening of Congress." Of course, in the technique of the illustration the public is rarely interested, but to the artist this is nearly always uppermost in his thoughts. Technique is simply the mastery of material, and if the artist was simply a mechanic, like the printer, he could be easily satisfied with his hand-work; but each of his creations is different from the others, and each is to his eye incomplete in some detail, and he is dissatisfied. If he could produce one piece of work which he and the world agreed was perfect, he would not be willing to duplicate it, or rather he *could not* duplicate it. He does not always give the public that which he considers his best work, because the public and the artist rarely agree in this matter; and, again, the publisher buys that which in the scales has tipped the greatest number of ounces of the coin of approbation, and so in some cases the public is the loser.

Then, again, there are some books that should not be illustrated; that is to say, books which have become classics, and the pictures of which are supplied each reader for himself by his mind's eye. Fortunately, these classics are not often touched by the modern illustrator; there is small need, for "of the making of books there is no end." So, with the demand for illustrators on the one hand, and the native manual dexterity of the American illustrator on the other, spurred into activity by a healthy ambition, the American should become a leader in comparison with his foreign contemporaries; and this assertion must find agreement in the mind of every one who gives the matter thought. The profuse presentation of illustrations in nearly every periodical published, and in the mass of books which have appeared during the past ten years, and those now upon the presses of the publishers, proves beyond question that the printed picture, which is a response to the popular taste of the public demanding a profusion and a high quality of artistic accompaniment, is a healthy demand, which carries with it an unmistakable sign of progress, and is an indispensable part of the intellectual life of to-day.

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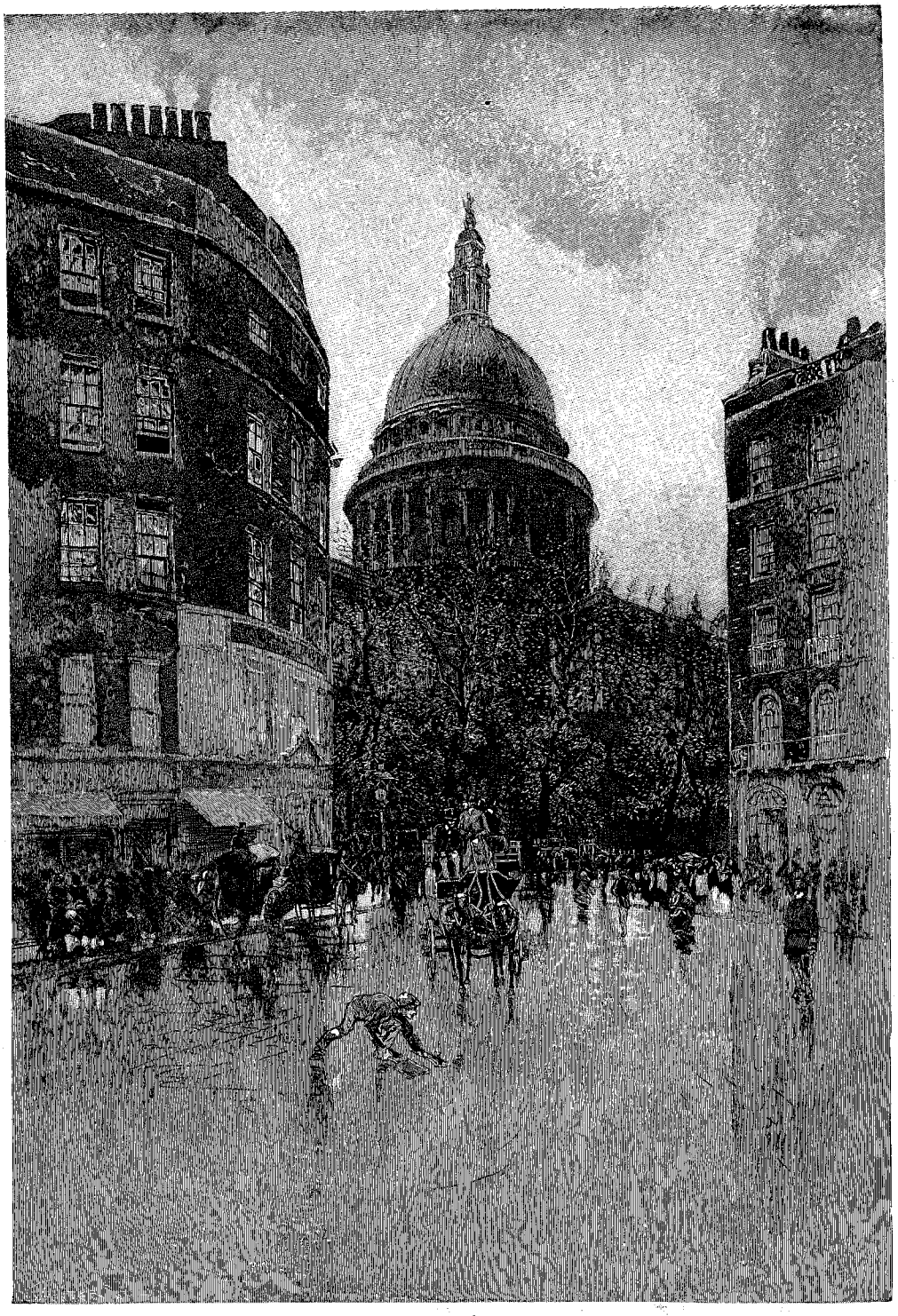

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: JOSEPH PENNELL

From "English Cathedrals" (The Century Company, New York).

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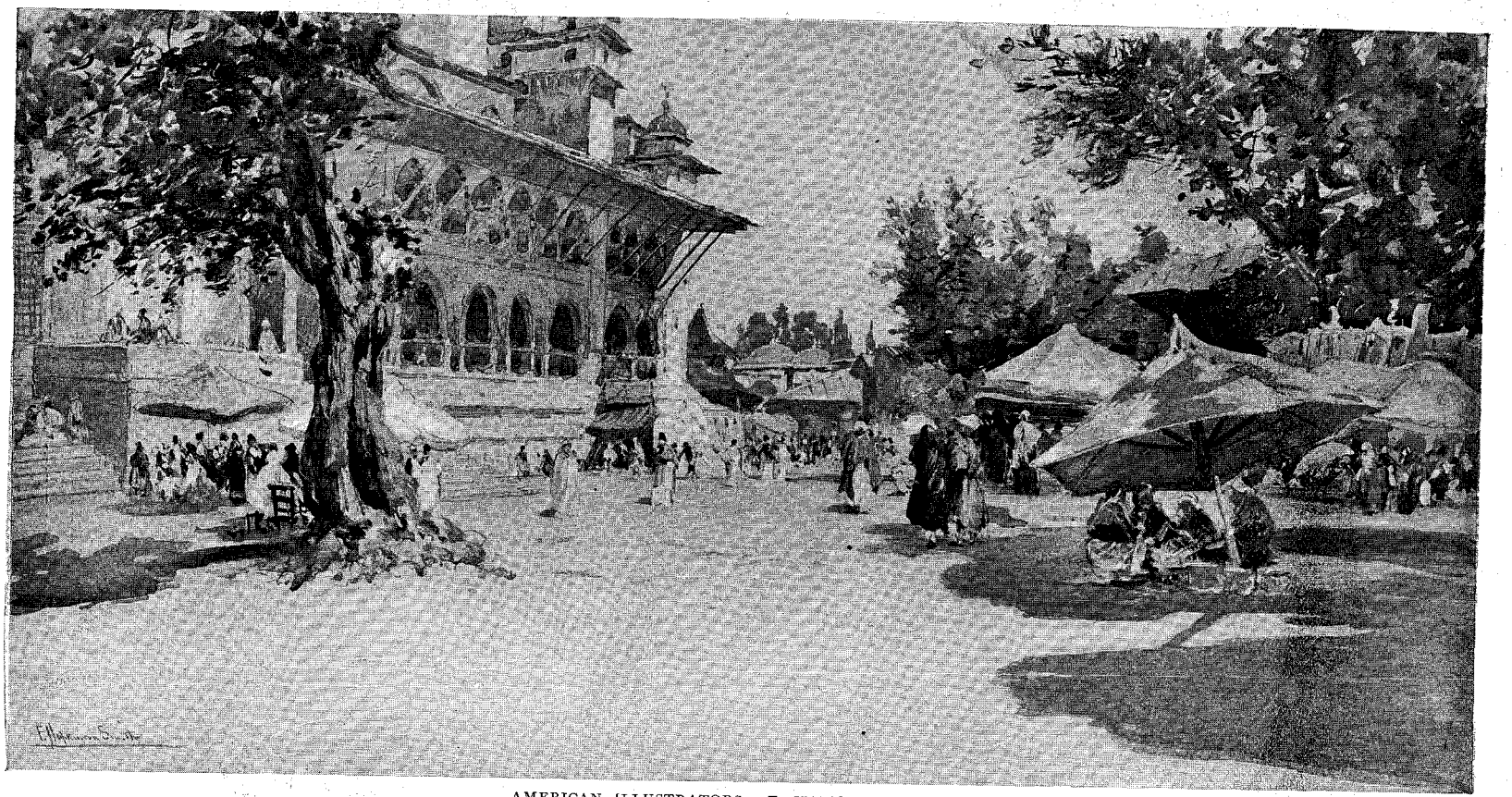

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: F. HOPKINSON SMITH

(From "The Century Magazine." Reproduced through the courtesy of The Century Co., New York.)

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The Holiday Books

THAT the form and dress of a book ought to be significant of its quality and character has come to be widely recognized. This is notably true of the work of the Riverside Press, which for a long time past has been conspicuous for artistic quality. Avoiding the danger of the purely decorative tendency which has run away with so much recent book-making, the Riverside Press has striven to combine soundness of workmanship with beauty. It has found the golden mean between severity and elegance, and the books which represent its taste are likely, therefore, to keep their hold on the appreciation of the most intelligent readers. These comments are suggested by the Riverside Edition of the *Prose and Poetical Works of Thomas Bailey Aldrich*. Of the eight volumes which compose this new edition, two are given to the poetical and six to the prose works. The volumes are uniform in size with the earlier Riverside Editions. The page is a delight to the eye, so clean, clear, and well balanced is it; and the books are bound in a pleasant shade of green ribbed cloth, with light gilt lines and gilt titles. The daintiness, elegance, and simplicity of this edition commend themselves to those who know how pre-eminently Mr. Aldrich's work illustrates these qualities. Perhaps the most fastidious literary artist which this country has yet produced, Mr. Aldrich has become the master of a rare quality of workmanship—a quality which embodies not only the skill of the hand but the skill of the soul. He has himself, in very effective lines, protested against confounding workmanship with art, but in his own case there is no danger of such confusion, because his workmanship is art, and art of a very genuine kind. It is a pleasure to possess his verse and prose in a form so accordant with the quality and spirit which pervade both verse and prose. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $12.)

It was eminently appropriate to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle by the publication of a Centenary Edition, and the publishers have not been slow to seize upon the proper form which such an edition should take. Carlyle's great personality, which fills his books with such overflowing vitality, entitles him to a large and generous treatment. He was a man on a great scale, and his work was done on a great scale, and one has a sense of fitness in finding that the Centenary Edition is to be completed in thirty large octavo volumes, with a broad page, very distinct type, and an excellent and cheerful binding. Mr. H. D. Traill, who is a trained literary man, with a large experience of the right sort behind him, has supervision of the edition, and contributes, besides a general introduction, a short preface to each successive work. A new volume is to be added for the purpose of gathering up some miscellaneous essays and minor writings which have not before appeared in an authorized collected form, while the whole edition is to be printed from the text of the last edition collated and arranged by Carlyle. The edition is to contain a number of portraits, including all the well-known representations of Carlyle, with several which have not heretofore appeared in any edition of his works. Maps and plans are added, and every effort has been made to give this edition finality as regards completeness and thoroughness of workmanship. It is not often that one comes upon such good book-making at so low a cost to the reader; for these volumes are sold at $1.25 each. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The publication of the "Outward Bound" edition of *Rudyard Kipling's Works* shows how strong and how permanent a hold this brilliant and versatile writer of prose and verse has on the reading public. Mr. Kipling is still less than thirty-five years old, and it seems only a very few years since his "Plain Tales from the Hills" attracted attention; yet here are ten volumes of goodly size filled with work of an astonishingly high average value, and before the two volumes announced to complete the edition are off the press it is more than probable that Mr. Kipling will have written enough to fill still another. The gathering into one edition of all these fugitive stories and sketches, held under different copyrights, was, we judge, a task calling for diplomacy as well as energy. The result justifies the attempt. The volumes are dignified, simple, with moderate and tasteful ornamentation, with color and design of binding quite free from the too-prevailing fad of excessive boldness; in short, they are worthy of any library, and delightful to handle

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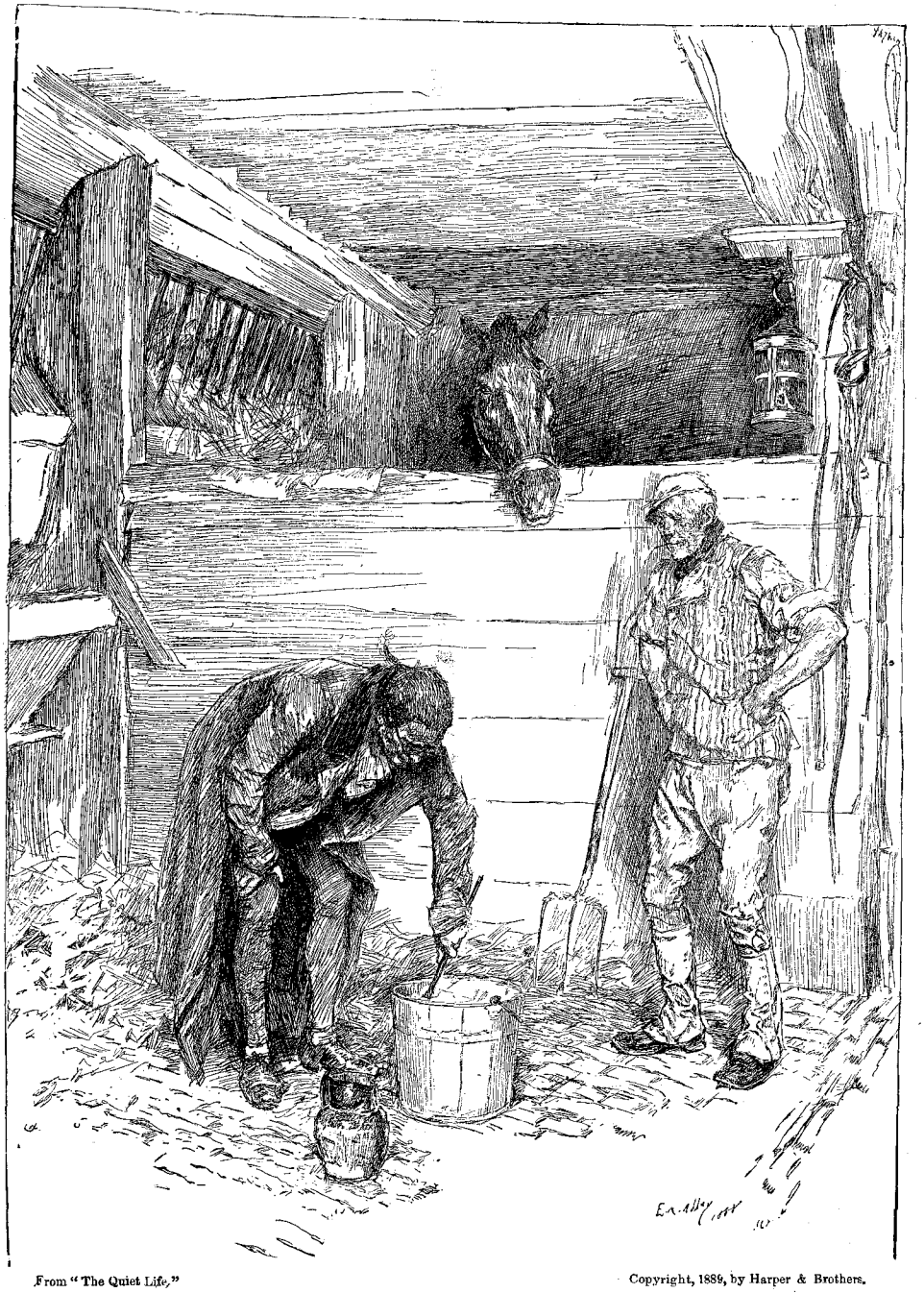

From "The Quiet Life."

Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: EDWIN A. ABBEY
From "The Quiet Life" (Harper & Brothers, New York).

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and read. Mr. J. L. Kipling's *bas-relief* illustrations are admirable in suggesting the spirit, the mystery, and the romance of life in India. It is hardly necessary here to enter into a critical estimate of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work in fiction and verse. If he has not written one "great novel," he has written many stories and many poems which have the unmistakable mark of genius. The author of the "Jungle Tales" and "Without Benefit of Clergy," of "McAndrews's Hymn" and the "Recessional," has a place of his own in the literature of our day. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2 per volume.)

Canon Alfred Ainger, who has done such thorough and intelligent editorial work in connection with Charles Lamb, has edited the *Poems of Thomas Hood*, and the Macmillan Company has issued this body of verse in two volumes in the well-known and very attractive Eversley Edition. ($3.) The first volume is devoted to serious poems and the second volume to poems of wit and humor, and each volume contains, by way of frontispiece, a portrait of Hood. To the first volume Canon Ainger has prefaced a carefully written memoir of sixty-five pages, characterized by sympathetic literary interpretation and critical discrimination. Hood has long stood in need of such an introduction to the public as that which these publishers have given him; for nothing could be more comfortable to the hand or more attractive to the eye than these two tastefully made volumes, with their clear type and their broad margins; nor could anything be more satisfactory than Canon Ainger's carefully considered and judicious memoir.

It was a happy thought to issue *The Spectator* in the form in which it originally appeared, as regards binding, book-making, paper, and type; for this eighteenth-century dress seems to bring back with it the eighteenth-century atmosphere which pervades "The Spectator." It must be confessed, however, that this new edition, which is to be completed in eight volumes, and which bears the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, has the disadvantage which attaches to the use of the old type. It is not so clear to the eye as the more unobtrusive modern type. It stands out on the page in a contrast so striking as to be a little trying. One does not read "The Spectator," however, as one reads a novel; one reads slowly, sipping the papers, as it were, in order to get their full flavor; and therefore it is permissible to print "The Spectator" in a form which would be injudicious if the papers demanded long, continuous reading. These quaint little volumes, which lie so pleasantly in the hand, fit themselves to one's thought of Addison and Steele, and to the reposeful, gently humorous, and finely wrought writing with which they are forever associated. ($1.50 per volume.)

The Gadshill Edition of *The Works of Charles Dickens* has, at the first glance, a little heaviness, but it is not heavy in the hand—which is the test of a comfortable book. From every other point of view it meets the requirements of a standard edition of the most popular novelist who has ever used our language. Mr. Lang is writing the introductions which appear in the first volume of each novel, and he has also prepared notes for each volume. A general survey of Dickens from the same hand is to appear in one of the later volumes. Mr. Lang has sometimes said irreverent things of Dickens. He is, indeed, the author of a phrase, much quoted, to the effect that there were times when Dickens wallowed naked in a sea of sentimentality. The Dickens lover who insists, therefore, that every line of the master is inspired, and every story as good as every other story, may object to some of Mr. Lang's comments; but those wiser lovers of Dickens who are willing to separate the wheat from the chaff will welcome the discriminating, critical intelligence of this acute critic. The edition is to be completed in thirty-two volumes. The type is of the most comfortable size, the books are well bound in a cheerful color, and all of the original illustrations by Seymour, Browne, and Cruikshank, which are inseparably associated with the great Dickens characters in the minds of the first generation of his readers, reappear in the Gadshill Edition; together with later illustrations by Pinwell, Walker, Landseer, Leech, Barnard, and others. In some of the later novels the illustrations were not drawn under the direct superintendence of Dickens, and the publishers have secured for this purpose the co-operation of some of the best-known black-and-white artists of the day. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50 per volume.)

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is at last to be published with proper regard for the dress which his work deserves. The first volume of the Homestead Edition, which bears the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is a small octavo modestly bound in brown

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silk. There are to be ten of these volumes, and they are to contain the verse and prose work of this fresh, humorous, and picturesque writer. Among the later poets there is none whose gift is more genuine than Mr. Riley's. Extravagant claims have sometimes been made for him by his admirers, and he has suffered, on the other hand, from that kind of depreciation which marks the other extreme of literary opinion in this country at this time; but he may safely leave his work to find its own level. If it does not confirm the claims of the devotee, it is far finer in substance and form than some of his unfriendly critics have recognized. It is stamped by genuineness, it is of the soil, it is sincere, and at its best the verse is full of musical quality. Moreover, Mr. Riley is intensely American. He draws his inspiration entirely from the soil under his feet. He is therefore in a high degree representative. He is sprightly, full of life, he loves childhood and boyhood, and has interpreted both with the most buoyant humor and with the most searching sympathy and insight. Those who love American writing for what is sincerest and most native in it will welcome this new edition. ($1.50 per volume.)

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued the seven books by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, which they publish in a very attractive uniform edition bound in light green, clearly printed, and of quite convenient and taking size. ($8.50.)

The attractive dress with which the Doubleday & McClure Company, of New York, have clothed the verses and pictures *Taken from Life* does not save some of them from being adjudged too ephemeral for such permanent form. Even in a humorous paper there is such a thing as too much triviality, and one could wish for less in a journal long deservedly well known both for wit and ballast. Generally speaking, however, "Life" has loyally represented that healthy, incisive, refined vivacity, that distinct, peculiarly American something which one does not find in such foreign "funny papers" as "Punch," "Kladderadatsch," "Fliegende Blätter," or the "Journal Amusant," nor in our own "Puck" and "Judge."

Those who are fond of apothegm and epigram will find a large number of brief sayings —some witty, some wise, some sentimental, and some commonplace—collected under the general title *Short Sayings of Famous Men*, by Helen Kendrick Johnson, and published in two small volumes, with an ornate red and gold cover design, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. ($2.)

Sir Lewis Morris is not entitled to stand among English living poets of the first rank, but there is a very large body of readers who place him far ahead of the present Poet Laureate, although this cannot be considered as extravagant praise. At all events, it is acknowledged that his best poem is *The Epic of Hades*. The blank verse of this is smooth and harmonious, and at times the narrative rises to something like epic force, although, as a whole, the work lacks the action and impressiveness of the few poems which the world has agreed to consider worthy of the name of epic. A satisfactory edition of the book is published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., of this city, in red and gilt cloth, at the very moderate price of $1.

My Studio Neighbors, by the late William Hamilton Gibson, is a companion volume to Mr. Gibson's "Eye-Spy," of which we lately spoke. Either or both of these books would make a thoroughly welcome gift to any one at all interested in out-of-door study and observation. These are, we suppose, the last of the delightful sketches and the wonderfully delicate and beautiful drawings from Mr. Gibson's pen and pencil which will be published. His intimate knowledge of birds and insects and of flowers and weeds, his skill in selecting that which is curious and at the same time instructive, and his constant affection for the wise ways of nature, are all present in this volume in a high degree. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.)

The publishing firm which for some half-century has been identified closely with the works of Washington Irving is accustomed to put forth yearly for the holiday season a fine edition of one of Irving's books. This year the book so treated is his *Astoria*, and the edition is appropriately named the Tacoma Edition. This is one of Irving's less-known books, and has distinctly less of his charm of manner and literary style than those with which most readers are familiar. It has, however, a strong interest of a historical nature, and in view of the present remarkable development of the Northwest it possesses a timely interest. The two volumes in which the work is presented are similar though not exactly uniform with previously published volumes of Irving's work put forth by this firm. The page is large, the type clear, a pleasing page border in color is used with

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From "The Quiet Life."

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AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: ALFRED PARSONS

From "The Quiet Life" (Harper & Brothers, New York).

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good effect, and the cover is of a substantial canvas stamped with a gilt design of decided appropriateness. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $6.)

Marion Harland has a thoroughly congenial theme in her latest book, entitled *Some Colonial Homesteads and their Stories*. In it she tells, in a picturesque way and with abundance of anecdote and personal incident, the history of such old homesteads as the Van Cortlandt Manor House and the Jumel Mansion in New York; the Parson Williams House in Deerfield; and the Brandon, Westover, and Shirley houses, in Virginia. In all, nearly a score of sketches of this kind are included in the book. All are illustrated with notable dignity and success. Some of the photographs are, indeed, remarkably fine. The book has been given every advantage of the publisher's art. If we were inclined to criticise it in any one point, it would be in the color of the binding, which is of rather too bright a blue to be entirely pleasing. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.)

Mr. W. I. Lincoln Adams is well known to all interested in the art of photography as an expert in the practice of that art, and as a helpful writer on all subjects connected with it. His *Sunlight and Shadow* is intended to give suggestions to the amateur who has passed the first stage of learning and has acquired some technical skill. The author takes up such topics as choice of subject, landscape with and without figures, winter photography, photography at night, art in grouping, and photographing children. In each of these fields and in several others he makes clear the general principles to be followed, and adds practical hints. The book contains very many unusually fine specimens of the photographer's art, and they serve both to beautify the volume and to bring out distinctly to the eye the points enforced in the text. (Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $2.50.)

During the past two months we have described scores of books intended as gifts for children. Not one of those already mentioned is more suitable for the purpose or more delightful in every way than Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's *Little-Folk Lyrics*, published in an exceedingly attractive typographical dress by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston ($1.50). The poems appeal directly to the child's love of the beautiful; they are simple and melodious, and many of them are worthy to be classed with the best work in this line by Eugene Field or Robert Louis Stevenson.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of this year's output of holiday books is the publication of volumes of illustrative work by individual artists in large folios or quartos. Of such books before us, three or four have an exterior surface of about sixteen by twelve inches, while one is actually two feet in length by eighteen inches wide. The great page-surface of such volumes permits of the reproduction of the artists' drawings in their original form, or at least with little reduction. The result is satisfactory in a very high degree, and the reader obtains much the same effect that he would find in visiting an exhibition of original drawings. Notable among such books are those presenting the work of Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum, Mr. Frederic Remington, and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson. Mr. Zogbaum's book is aptly entitled *All Hands*, as it is devoted entirely to pictures of life in the United States Navy, a subject which this artist has made peculiarly his own. The phases of ship life are presented in great variety, and with spirit as well as humor. Mr. Zogbaum has not confined himself to two or three types of faces, as, it is often said, some of our best illustrators are apt to do. His figure work is remarkable, but his greatest strength is in his faculty of entering into the spirit of the sea life of modern times and in the general animation of his style. The publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, have given the book perhaps the most attractive cover design of any of its class this year; it is of a dark slate color with a charming picture inset beneath the title. ($5.)

Mr. Gibson's well-known and always admirable work is presented in two of the large volumes of which we have spoken above—*London as Seen by Charles Dana Gibson* (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5), and *People of Dickens* (R. H. Russell, New York, $5). The first-named volume illustrates some slightly written sketches of typical London scenes and people—mere jottings by Mr. Gibson of typical things which interested him. The drawings themselves vary not a little in quality, but at their best are fully worthy of Mr. Gibson's reputation. His recent tendency to bring the faces in his drawings closer to the eye than is usual—that is, to adopt a not quite usual perspective distance—is here shown in its strongest form. The subjects chosen are such as "Hyde Park Corner," "Outside Morley's," "A Drawing-Room," "At the Opera," and "In the Music Hall,"

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Superior to these drawings, in our judgment, if not in technical excellence, certainly in original creative power, are Mr. Gibson's "People of Dickens." These are printed on very heavy plate-paper and are inclosed in a portfolio having a somewhat extraordinary size—the largest noted above. Of the subjects, "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness" and "Scrooge" seem to us the most happy, and "Pickwick Delivering His Famous Oration" the least happy, of the conceptions. Mr. Gibson has here entered boldly a field new to him, and one in which contrast with previous famous character-drawing is inevitable. It is not too much to say that he has made his "People of Dickens" both consistent with popular notions and at the same time absolutely original.

From the same publisher (R. H. Russell, New York) come *Drawings by Frederic Remington*, containing in large folio form a large number of pictures of Indian, cowboy, and military life, all in the general style with which the reading public is quite familiar but far from being tired. Action and character instantly strike the eye on every page. It has been truly said that in the future Mr. Remington's work will afford historic material of the very highest value in reproducing fast-vanishing phases of our Western life. One of the most spirited of these drawings is reproduced on another page. ($5.)——Also from the same publishers come *A Calendar of Sports and Seasons* in bright colors; illustrated calendars by Mr. Kemble and Mr. Remington; *An Alphabet* by William Nicholson, quaintly illustrated by odd and antiquely comic full-page drawings; *The Autobiography of a Monkey*, told in verse by Albert Bigelow Paine, and in supposedly funny pictures by Henry Meyer; and Mr. R. K. Munkittrick's little volume of amusing stories of animal marvels and of fairyland called *The Slambangaree*.

Of much smaller page than the illustrated books of which we have just spoken, but still in a handsome quarto form, is *The Yosemite, Alaska, and the Yellowstone*, by William H. Wiley and Sarah King Wiley. As the title shows, the subject includes the most picturesque part of America that is accessible to the tourist. The authors are eminently successful in selecting for description and illustration those things best worth knowing about, and in writing of them with a judicious mingling of information and appreciation of feeling. (John Wiley & Sons, New York.)

A volume of serious interest which yet thrills with the excitement of personal adventure is *The Old Santa Fé Trail*. The author is Colonel Henry Inman, lately of the United States Army. He tells with abundance of incident and anecdote the history of what was once the great through highway from the Middle West over the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific coast. Mr. Cody (our old friend Buffalo Bill) does not exaggerate when he says of the Old Trail that "There was ever to be feared an attack by the Cheyennes, Comanches, and Kiowas. Along its whole route the remains of men, animals, and the wrecks of camps and wagons told the story of suffering, robbery, and outrage more impressive than any language." This story Colonel Inman brings out saliently and in a way to thrill every reader. The book is very handsomely published, with profuse illustrations and a cover design of peculiar fitness to the general topic. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Jane Barlow's *Irish Idylls* have given to Lisconnel the same kind of interest that Watson and Barrie have given to Drumtochty and Thrums, and a wide public will therefore welcome the new edition illustrated by Clifton Johnson's photographs. The publishers could have found no one else to do the work of illustration half so faithfully, so sympathetically, so artistically. In a certain sense, of course, a good photograph is always faithful, but Mr. Johnson's work is of a kind that requires imagination as well as sight, and feeling as well as skill. Knowing his author by heart, he has seen the district almost with her eyes, and has seized upon scenes and characters just such as she had in mind as she wrote her charming stories of peasant life. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.)

The magnificent edition of Vasari's *Lives of Seventy of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons not very long ago with a great mass of interesting illustration, has been followed by a popular edition which presents the text in excellent and convenient form, in four volumes of moderate size, without the illustration. This edition is edited and annotated, in the light of recent discoveries, by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins, and is, for the needs of the general reader, entirely satisfactory. ($8.)

When Miss Anna Fuller's *Pratt Portraits* appeared five or six years ago, their fidelity to the life and character they described was

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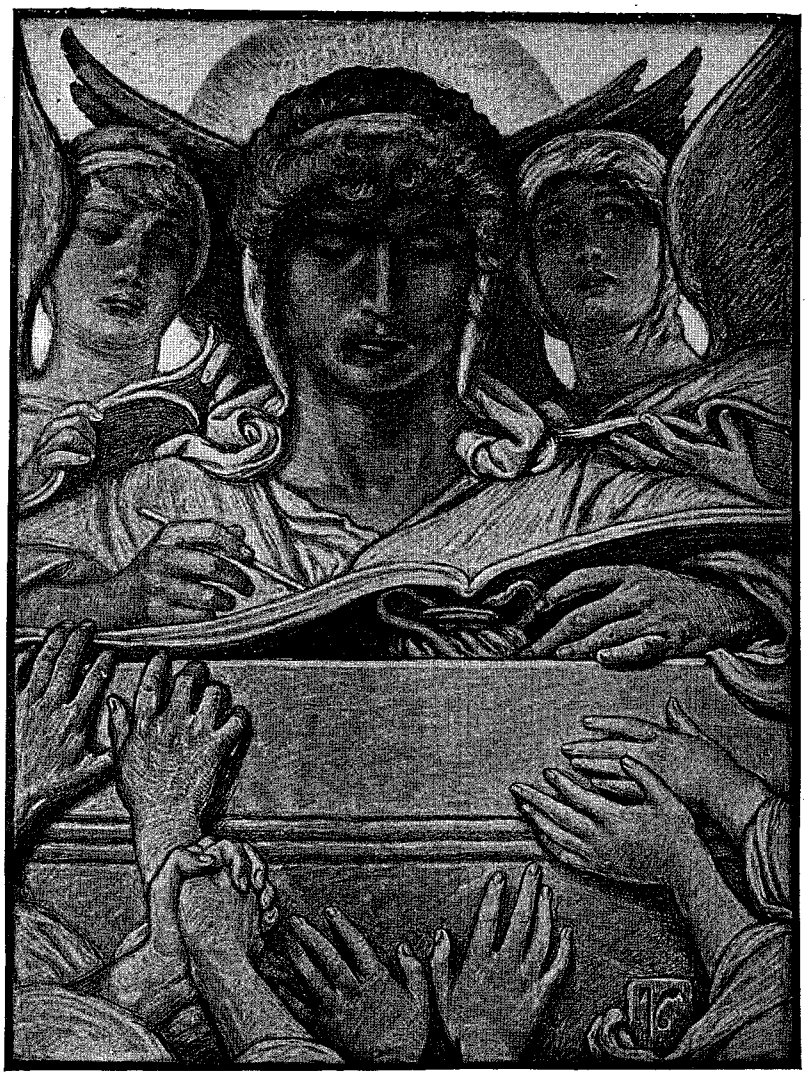

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: ELIHU VEDDER
From "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

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very quickly recognized, while their humor and vivacity of style gained them wide popularity. Miss Fuller's publishers have taken advantage of what appears to be the lasting interest in the book to issue it in a very attractive form, with illustrations by George Stone. The artist has evidently made a very systematic study of the characters in the book, and has systematically interpreted them with his pencil. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.)

It was a happy thought on the part of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to issue Mr. John Fiske's histories in illustrated form, thus supplementing the ordinary edition with a handsome library edition. Mr. Fiske's latest work to receive this treatment is *The Critical Period of American History, 1783–1789*, which appears in a solid octavo, very handsomely printed, and with a great abundance of illustrations in the form of maps, portraits, facsimiles of contemporary views, and other historic material illustrative of the narrative. Of the work itself nothing need be said at this time. The illustration has been kept in thorough subordination to the text, and is designed, not for embellishment, but to aid the reader in receiving a clear impression of men and events. ($4.)

Mrs. Maude Wilder Goodwin's romances of Colonial Virginia, *White Aprons* and *The Head of a Hundred*, have received the distinction of being issued in a holiday edition. The two volumes, bound in green cloth, with gilt tops and ornamental designs in gilt, are embellished with a few illustrations, not as well printed in all cases as they ought to be, but distinctly spirited in manner. Semi-historical novels lend themselves readily to the purposes of illustration, and in the case of these two books the artists have not been slow to perceive their advantages and to make judicious use of their material. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.)

New editions of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* may be expected for many years to come. Each generation of artists will be tempted by a work which is not only profoundly spiritual in its treatment of the greatest themes, but which is also full of glimpses of nature, exquisite bits of description, hints and surmises which stir the poetic imagination and tempt the illustrator. Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert have given the poem a charming setting, printing each section separately, with an initial illustration, and in most cases a decorative tail-piece. The illustrations are furnished by Harry Fenn, and bring before the reader a charming succession of pictures of hill and meadow, garden, stream, tree, and flower. They are quiet in tone, and, while not in any sense great or distinctly original, are full of nice feeling and daintiness. The strongest feature of this edition is Dr. Henry van Dyke's admirable preface, which not only gives an account of "In Memoriam," both as to the conditions under which it was written and as to its contents, but a sympathetic interpretation of Tennyson's purpose.

Thoreau's *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, may be called without exaggeration an epoch-making book, since from it has come a numerous and growing progeny of out-of-door records, studies, interpretations, and meditations of all sorts. Few books have had so great an influence in our literature; few books, moreover, have so perfectly expressed what was most characteristic in a writer; for "Walden" is, in its way, the most intimate expression of Thoreau's peculiar temperament and genius. It is distinctly an American book; it could not have been written under any other sky or in any other climate than our own. More than this, it is distinctly a New England book; full of the tonic quality of the New England air, with something of the hardness of the New England climate. It is the rugged side of nature of which Thoreau takes hold in this volume, and it is the brace which contact with that side of nature gives to human character which the book imparts to its readers. "Walden" has much to gain from judicious illustration, and this kind of illustration it has now received in a very attractive edition in two tasteful volumes, the illustration being entirely from portraits or photographs of localities mentioned in the book. There are portraits of Thoreau, Alcott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Staples, George William Curtis, and Hosmer, with photographs of the house at Walden, of the pond, of the great meadows, of Concord, and of various other localities familiar to the readers of the record of this modern hermitage. The two volumes represent the high level of Riverside Press work both as regards printing and binding. ($5.)

Edmund Spenser, the poet's poet, furnishes a rich field for the illustrator who possesses not only the skill of the tool but quickness of imagination and sensitiveness to beauty, and of all Spenser's work *The Shepherd's Calendar* most hospitably invites the art of the illustrator. It is a poem not only for pictures but for decoration, and Mr. Walter Crane

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has approached the work from this side. To the flat, decorated quarto which comes from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers he has supplied a very pretty cover with a shepherd's figure, pipe in mouth, two title-pages, decorated borders for every page in the volume, and twelve full-page illustrations. Mr. Crane's work has long been so familiar that it hardly needs characterization. It is sometimes, in these later years, mechanical, but it is often, within its limits, very successful in being picturesque and in conveying a certain impression of richness of style and grace of fancy. He has avoided in this instance over-elaboration, which would have been out of keeping with Spenser's work, but he has managed to produce an impression of profusion of material. No more beautiful record of the seasons has ever been made than that which Spenser gave the world in this charming poem, and Mr. Crane has been sufficiently in sympathy with the poet to deepen the impression of the work without being in any sense obtrusive. ($2.)

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Me., has put his impress on some of the daintiest books which have come into the hands of American readers from the American press. To his Old World Series he adds this year Andrew Lang's *Helen of Troy*, Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, and the *Sonnets* of Michael Angelo; and to the Bibelot Series, Michael Field's *Long Ago* and A. Mary F. Robinson's book of songs, *An Italian Garden*. These works are all well known to the readers of The Outlook. Mr. Mosher has put them in long, narrow books bound in imitation of vellum, beautifully printed, with appropriate title-pages, the whole artistically conceived and handled. It is perhaps enough to say of all the publications upon which Mr. Mosher has put his imprint that they show the nicest perception of literary quality, and that they have been, almost without exception, worthy of the exquisite shapes which he has given them.

Chloe Blakeman Jones has compiled those passages from Shakespeare which would naturally come under the title of *The Lovers' Shakespeare*, and Anna Wellesley Bradfield has furnished a series of decorations for the little volume, which is tastefully published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. ($1.25.)

The readers of The Outlook who have followed from month to month Mr. Justin McCarthy's *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, as it has appeared in our columns with profuse and, we believe, peculiarly interesting illustration, will learn with pleasure that in its book form Mr. McCarthy's work is one of the most attractive of the year. The publishers (The Macmillan Company, New York) have chosen a large page with eminently clear type and a striking binding of red with gilt stamp. They have included a considerable number of illustrations, and have used every means to give a handsome, permanent form to what is unquestionably an important addition to biographical literature. The author's long personal acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone, their close political relations, and their sympathies on many points, added to Mr. McCarthy's acknowledged skill as a narrator and his practiced literary art, all combine to make this work readable and in a large degree authoritative.

Two volumes of great interest have recently been added to the Stories of the West Series, which is edited by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock and published by D. Appleton & Co. (New York)—*The Story of the Cowboy*, by Mr. E. Hough, and *The Story of the Mine*, by Mr. Charles Howard Shinn. Readers of The Outlook will remember "The Singing Mouse Stories" which Mr. Hough gave to the public some time since, and which had the freshness and vivacity which are perhaps the prime requisites in the writing which shall successfully describe the picturesque and rapidly disappearing cowboy. Mr. Hough has attempted to paint the cowboy as he is, and not as he appears in the sensational drama and the still more sensational story. The conditions which developed the cowboy are rapidly disappearing, and with the change of environment the peculiarities, the habits, and the occupations of the cowboy are vanishing. Mr. Hough has laid hold upon his material in that ripe moment when it is still fresh in the memories of many people, but when the hero and his achievements are far enough in the background to afford proper perspective. The book is very interesting in style and matter; but it is more than interesting: it is a footnote of contemporary history; a social study; a picture of character and manners. For Mr. Hough has covered with his observation the whole field of the cowboy's activity, and he has, therefore, described a very important section of life on the frontier. Mr. Shinn has long been a student of social and industrial conditions on the Pacific slope, and is very familiar with the great industry which

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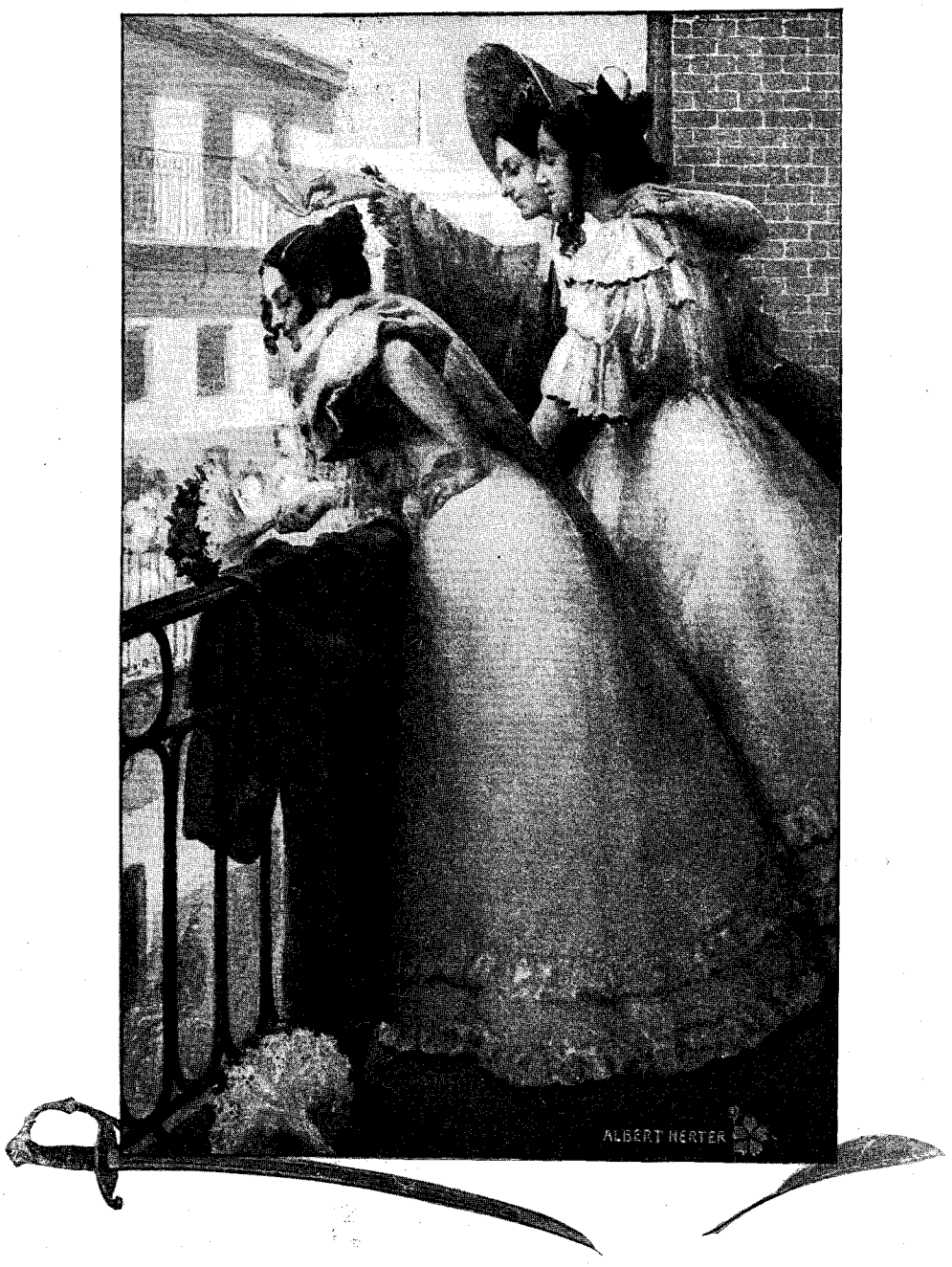

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS: ALBERT HERTER
From "Old Creole Days" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

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he describes in "The Story of the Mine." That industry, it is hardly necessary to say, is one full not only of dangerous and arduous toil, but full also of those elements of interest which never lose their hold upon the human mind. Mining in this country long ago entered upon its secondary stage, and mines have become in large measure permanent investments, worked with regularity and on the scientific basis on which other great industries are conducted; but there is still a sufficient margin of uncertainty to afford all the elements of dramatic interest. Mr. Shinn has not been indifferent to this side of his subject, but his book has a more serious purpose, and presents in a very condensed way a view of the mining processes, the mining properties, and the mining communities in America. ($1.50 each.)

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith touches nothing with pen or pencil which he does not bring at once into clear light. His graphic faculty has rare vividness. No reader of *Gondola Days* can fail to see Venice under Mr. Smith's guidance, no matter whether he has ever laid eyes upon it or not, so vivid, so distinct, so full of color and life are the pictures which pass before the eye under the pen of this facile and picturesque artist-writer. Mr. Smith knows his Venice and all its resources —its poetic side, its picturesque side, its architecture, its humor, its pathos, its common life, its morning, noon, and evening lights: all the movement and wonder and beauty of it are in his imagination, and are conveyed to this volume; and all this is done, not by vague suggestion or by what is called poetic prose, but with the most marked distinctness of outline, and with the most effective coloring. One source of Mr. Smith's pictorial power is his own abundant vitality—the overflowing interest which he takes in everything human, the living quality with which he invests everything he touches. The book is delightful from many points of view. It has the interest of a story; it has the value of the most adequate description, because it gives the reader not only outline, but atmosphere; and it has the charm of the artist's point of view. The illustrations are from the hand of the writer, and they express his gift as distinctly as does the text. The book is beautifully made. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The Cameo Edition is so dainty that it may well find its place among the books of the holiday season. This year two volumes which deserve the distinction of its attractive dress have already been added to it—Dr. Henry van Dyke's *Little Rivers* and his *Poetry of Tennyson*, upon which comment was made very recently in these columns. The edition is evidently popular, because it continues to be recruited from the best literary work which bears the imprint of its publishers. Nothing, certainly, has gone into it which more worthily bears the test of its exacting workmanship than Dr. van Dyke's books. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25 each.)

Mr. Andrew Lang has contributed to the series of "Selections from the Poets" a volume of selections from *Wordsworth*, with an introduction. A glance at the table of contents assures the lover of Wordsworth that his favorites and the favorites of all students of the great poet are comprehensively represented. Mr. Lang could hardly do otherwise, he has had such admirable predecessors in this particular work. The book is very attractively made, with illustrations by Mr. Alfred Parsons, and with decorative initials. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.)

Edmund Spenser's poetry deserves the richest setting which can be given it, and certainly no better fortune has ever befallen it in the way of richly decorated and sumptuous dress than the setting which *The Faerie Queene* receives in the two noble quartos which bear the English imprint of J. M. Dent & Co. and the American imprint of the Macmillan Company—spacious volumes with ample pages, large type, covers of light buff with a rich design in gilt, and illustrations and decorations by Louis Fairfax Muckley. The decoration is characterized by richness of design, but the pages are not overloaded with it; it is reserved for the beginning and ending of the cantos. The full-page illustrations are not unlike Walter Crane in general effect, and yet are not imitative of that facile and industrious artist. There is an introduction by Professor John W. Hales, of King's College. ($15.)

The Harper's Weekly Club (93 Fifth Avenue, this city) have put into four dainty volumes, bound in leather and tastefully stamped, a selection of the critical and biographical essays from the "Library of the World's Best Literature." One volume, devoted to the poets, contains essays by Charles Eliot Norton, Charles Dudley Warner, and Henry van Dyke; one, devoted to historians and essayists, contains a delightful account of Gibbon

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by Mr. Lecky, a characteristically vigorous sketch of Carlyle by Mr. Stephen, an essay on Emerson by Dr. Garnett, and one on Matthew Arnold by Professor Woodberry; to the little volume devoted to novelists, Henry James contributes a paper on Hawthorne, Professor Trent on Balzac, and Professor Waldstein on George Eliot; while to the volume on science and philosophy Professor Lankester furnishes a study of Charles Darwin, the lamented Richard Holt Hutton a characteristic paper on Cardinal Newman, and Professor Thomas Davidson an account of Aristotle. These volumes, which the publishers call *The Warner Classics*, complete in themselves, and presenting criticism of a very high order, are also indicative of the value and quality of the larger work from which they are taken.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has several times attempted very successfully the imaginative treatment, in story form, of typical Biblical or religious events and experiences. This year he tells the story of *The First Christmas Tree* in a charmingly simple and reverent spirit, and with that grace of style which is born not only of his skill as a writer, but of the spirit which he brings to his work. The first Christmas-tree bears its fruit in the German forests in the early Christian period in a very real fashion. Howard Pyle has furnished the book with three strong full-page illustrations, and has also supplied it with decorated borders. By virtue of its literary quality, its spiritual meaning, and its artistic dress, this small volume is one of the foremost books of the season. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.)

Mr. Cable's *Old Creole Days*, with its special delicacy of sentiment, charm of style, and richness of humor, remains the best beloved by the reading public of the author's work. In the fine edition prepared for this year's holiday season Mr. Albert Herter has caught admirably those qualities of the stories which make them unique and of lasting literary fame. On another page we reproduce one of Mr. Herter's full-page drawings which is fairly typical of his style. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6.)

For a truly dignified application of true art principles finely and fitly to a distinct purpose, few books have been published in the past decade which can compare with the large quarto edition of Francesca Alexander's *Tuscan Songs*. Our readers will remember that Miss Alexander collected these songs directly from the peasants whom she learned to love in her long residence at Florence. They are simple, sincere, and sometimes filled with the poetry of human suffering and joy. Of Miss Alexander's illustration of these songs, Mr. Ruskin said long ago, "It is as sincere and true as the sunshine; industrious, with an energy as steady as that by which a plant grows in spring; modest and unselfish as ever was good servant's work for a beloved master." These designs have been reproduced in photogravure, and are printed on large pages with extra large margin, side by side with the English and Italian versions of the songs, and often their music. The rendering of roadside flowers, of peasant life, love, and religion, of simply typical scenes, is invariably both strong and exquisite. The exterior appearance of the book is worthy of its contents. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. *$25.*)

One of the most brilliant and effective books of the season is the *Book of Old English Love Songs*, selected by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, with an introduction from his hand, and with accompaniment of decorative drawings by Mr. George Wharton Edwards. The verse is taken from the great English singers from Drummond of Hawthorndon to Campion, and draws, therefore, on the richest and most beautiful purely poetic material in English literature. Such poetry, characterized above all else by freshness, sweetness, melody, charm, needs the hand of a generous illustrator, and that hand it has found in Mr. Edwards, who has supplied the book with a series of full-page illustrations and with a profusion of minor decorations. Mr. Edwards has entered into the spirit of these lovely old-time songs, and has given his pictorial work variety, freedom, and freshness, while the publishers have done their part in printing it on an open page, from clear type, and in giving it a brilliant binding. (*$2.*)

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, to whom the American reading public are indebted for an introduction to the work of Henryk Sienkiewicz, have brought out a large and fine holiday edition of the great Polish novelist's *Quo Vadis*. The edition is in two volumes, with a somewhat too aggressive purple cover. It is printed from new type, has several interesting maps and plans, twenty-four beautiful photogravure plates (including original pictures by Howard Pyle, Evert Van Muyden, and E. H. Garrett, and a new portrait of the author). In all it is a worthy presentation of a work of genius.

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The Creamery Man of Molasses Gap

A Character Sketch

By Hamlin Garland

THE tin-peddler has gone out of the West. Amiable gossip and sharp trader that he was, his visits once brought a sharp business grapple to the farmer's wife and daughters, after which, as the man of trade was putting back his unsold wares, followed a time of cheerful talk. It was his cue, if he chanced to be a tactful peddler, to drop all attempts at sale and become distinctly human and neighborly.

His calls were not always well received, but they were at their best pleasant breaks of a monotonous round of duties. But he is no longer a familiar spot on the landscape. He has passed into the limbo of the things no longer necessary. His red wagon may be rumbling and rattling through some newer region, but the "Coolly Country" knows him no more.

"The creamery man" has taken his place. Every afternoon, rain or shine, the wagons of the North Star Creamery in "Dutcher's Coolly" stop at the farmers' windmills to skim the cream from the "submerged cans." His wagon is not gay; it is generally battered and covered with mud and filled with tall cans; but the driver himself is generally young and sometimes attractive. The driver in Molasses Gap, which is a small *coulé* leading into Dutcher's Coolly, was particularly good-looking and amusing.

He was aware of his good looks, and his dress not only showed that he was single, but that he hoped to be married soon. He wore brown trousers, which fitted him very well, and a dark blue shirt, which had a gay lacing of red cord in front, and a pair of suspenders that were a vivid green. On his head he wore a Chinese straw helmet, which was as ugly as anything could conceivably be, but he was as proud of it as he was of his green suspenders. In summer he wore no coat at all, and even in pretty cold weather he left his vest on his wagon-seat—not being able to bring himself to the point of covering up the red and green of his attire.

It was noticeable that the women of the neighborhood always came out even on wash-day to see that Claude (his name was Claude Williams) measured the cream properly. There was much banter about this. Mrs. Kennedy always said she wouldn't trust him "fur's you can fling a yearlin' bull by the tail."

"Now that's the difference between us," he would reply. "I'd trust you anywhere. Anybody with such a daughter as yourn."

He seldom got further, for Lucindy always said (in substance), "O you go 'long."

There need be no mystery in the matter. 'Cindy was the girl for whose delight he wore the green and red. He made no secret of his love, and she made no secret of her scorn. She laughed at his green 'spenders and the "red shoestring" in his shirt; but Claude considered himself very learned in women's ways, by reason of two years' driving the creamery wagon, and he merely winked at Mrs. Kennedy when Lucindy was looking, and kissed his hand at 'Cindy when her mother was *not* looking.

He looked forward every afternoon to these little exchanges of wit, and was depressed when for any reason the women folks were away. There were other places pleasanter than the Kennedy farm—some of "the Dutchmen" had fine big brick houses and finer and bigger barns, but their women were mostly homely, and went around bare-footed and bare-legged, with ugly blue dresses hanging frayed and greasy round their lank ribs and big joints.

"Someway their big houses have a look like a stable when you get close to 'em," Claude said to 'Cindy once. "Their women work so much in the field they don't have any time to fix up—the way you do. I don't believe in women workin' in the fields." He said this looking 'Cindy in the face. "My wife needn't set her foot outdoors 'less she's a mind to."

"Oh, you can talk," replied the girl, scornfully, "but you'd be like the rest of 'em." But she was glad that she had on a clean collar and apron—if it was ironing-day.

What Claude would have said further 'Cindy could not divine, for her mother called her from the door. She generally did when

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she saw her daughter lingering too long with the creamery man. Claude was not considered a suitable match for Lucindy Kennedy, whose father owned one of the finest farms in the coulé. Worldly considerations hold in Molasses Gap as well as in Bluff Siding and Tyre.

But Claude gave little heed to these moods in Mrs. Kennedy. If 'Cindy sputtered, he laughed; and if she smiled, he rode on whistling till he came to old man Haldeman's, who owned the whole lower half of Molasses Gap, and had one unmarried daughter, who thought Claude to be one of the handsomest men in the world. She was always at the gate to greet him as he drove up, and forced sections of cake and pieces of gooseberry pie upon him each day.

"She's good enough for a Dutchman," Claude said of her, "but I hate to see a woman go around looking as if her clothes would drop off if it rained on her. And on Sundays, when she dresses up, she looks like a boy rigged out in some girl's cast-off duds."

This was pretty hard on Nina. She was tall and lank and sandy, with small blue eyes. Her limbs were heavy and she *did* wear her Sunday clothes badly, but she was a good, generous soul, and very much in love with the creamery man. She was not very clean, but then she could not help that; the dust of the field is no respecter of sex. No, she was not lovely, but she was the only daughter of old Ernest Haldeman, and the old man was not very strong.

Claude was the daily bulletin of the Gap. He knew whose cow died the night before, who was at the strawberry dance, and all about Abe Anderson's night in jail up at the Siding. If his coming was welcome to the Kennedys, who took the "Bluff Siding Gimlet" and the county paper, how much the more cordial ought his greeting to be at Haldeman's, where they only took the "Milwaukee Weekly Freiheit."

Nina in her poor way had longings and aspirations. She wanted to marry "a Yankee," and not one of her own kind. She had a little schooling—got at the small brick shed under the towering cottonwood-tree at the corner of her father's farm; but her life had been one of hard work and mighty little play. Her parents spoke in German about the farm, and could speak English only very brokenly. Her only brother had adventured into the foreign parts of Pine County, and had been killed in a sawmill. Her life was lonely and hard.

She had suitors among the Germans, plenty of them, but she had a disgust of them—considered as possible husbands—and though she went to their beery dances occasionally, she had always in her mind the ease, lightness, and color of Claude. She knew that the Yankee girls did not work in the fields—even the Norwegian girls seldom did so now, they worked out in town—but she had been brought up to hoe and pull weeds from her childhood, and her father and mother considered it good for her, and, being a gentle and obedient child, she still continued to do as she was told. Claude pitied the girl, and used to talk with her, during his short stay, in his cheeriest manner.

"Hello, Nina! How you vass, ain't it? How much cream already you got this morning? Did you hear the news, not?"

"No; vot hass happened?"

"Everything. Frank McVey's horse stepped through the bridge and broke his leg, and he's going to sue the county—mean Frank is, not the horse."

"Iss dot so?"

"Sure! and Bill Hetner had a fight, and Julia Doorflinger's got home."

"Vot wass Bill fightding apoudt?"

"Oh, drunk—fighting for exercise. Hain't got a fresh pie cut?"

Her face lighted up, and she turned so suddenly to go that her bare leg showed below her dress. Her unstockinged feet were thrust into coarse working shoes. Claude wrinkled his nose in disgust, but he took the piece of green currant pie on the palm of his hand and bit the acute angle from it.

"First rate. You *do* make lickin' good pies," he said, out of pure kindness of heart; and Nina was radiant.

"She wouldn't be so bad-lookin' if they didn't work her in the fields like a horse," he said to himself as he drove away.

The neighbors were well aware of Nina's devotion, and Mrs. Smith, who lived two or three houses down the road, said, "Good-evening, Claude. Seen Nina to-day?"

"Sure! and she gave me a piece of currant pie—her own make."

"Did you eat it?"

"Did I? I guess yes. I ain't refusin' pie from Nina—not while her pa has five hundred acres of the best land in Molasses Gap."

Now, it was this innocent joking on his part that started all Claude's trouble. Mrs. Smith called a couple of days later, and had her joke with 'Cindy.

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"'Cindy, your cake's all dough."

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Claude come along 'tother day grinning from ear to ear, and some currant pie in his musstache. He had jest fixed it up with Nina. He jest as much as said he was after the old man's acres."

"Well, let him have 'em. I don't know as it interests me," replied 'Cindy, waving her head like a banner. "If he wants to sell himself to that greasy Dutchwoman—why, let him, that's all! I don't care."

Her heated manner betrayed her to Mrs. Smith, who laughed with huge enjoyment.

"Well, you better watch out!"

The next day was very warm, and when Claude drove up under the shade of the big maples he was ready for a chat while his horses rested, but 'Cindy was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Kennedy came out to get the amount of the skimming, and started to reenter the house without talk.

"Where's the young folks?" asked Claude, carelessly.

"If you mean Lucindy, she's in the house."

"Ain't sick or nothin', is she?"

"Not that anybody knows of. Don't expect her to be here to gass with you every time, do ye?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind," replied Claude. He was too keen not to see his chance. "In fact, I'd like to have her with me all the time, Mrs. Kennedy," he said, with engaging frankness.

"Well, you can't have her," the mother replied, ungraciously.

"What's the matter with me?"

"Oh, I like you well enough, but 'Cindy'd be a big fool to marry a man without a roof to cover his head."

"That's where you take your inning, sure," Claude replied. "I'm not much better than a hired hand. Well, now, see here, I'm going to make a strike one of these days, and then—look out for me! You don't know but what I've invested in a gold-mine. I may be a Dutch lord in disguise. Better not be brash."

Mrs. Kennedy's sourness could not stand against such sweetness and drollery. She smiled in wry fashion. "You'd better be moving, or you'll be late."

"Sure enough. If I only had you for a mother-in-law—that's why I'm so poor. Nobody to keep me moving. If I had some one to do the talking for me, I'd work." He grinned broadly and drove out.

His irritation led him to say some things to Nina which he would not have thought of saying the day before. She had been working in the field, and had dropped her hoe to see him.

"Say, Nina, I wouldn't work outdoors such a day as this if I was you. I'd tell the old man to go to thunder, and I'd go in and wash up and look decent. Yankee women don't do that kind of work, and your old dad's rich; no use of your sweatin' around a cornfield with a hoe in your hands. I don't like to see a woman goin' round without stockin's, and her hands all chapped and calloused. It ain't accordin' to Hoyle. No, sir! I wouldn't stand it. I'd serve an injunction on the old man right now."

A dull, slow flush crept into the girl's face, and she put one hand over the other as they rested on the fence. One looked so much less monstrous than two.

Claude went on: "Yes, sir! I'd brace up and go to Yankee meeting instead of Dutch; you'd pick up a Yankee beau like as not."

He gathered his cream while she stood silently by, and when he looked at her again she was in deep thought.

"Good-day," he said, cheerily.

"Good-by," she replied, and her face flushed again.

It rained that night and the roads were bad, and he was late the next time he arrived at Haldeman's. Nina came out in her best dress, but he said nothing about it, supposing she was going to town or something like that, and he hurried through with his task and had mounted his seat before he realized that anything was wrong.

Then Mrs. Haldeman appeared at the kitchen door and hurled a lot of unintelligible German at him. He knew she was mad, and mad at him and also at Nina, for she shook her fist at them alternately.

Singular to tell, Nina paid no attention to her mother's sputter. She looked at Claude with a certain timid audacity.

"How you like me to-day?"

"That's better," he said, as he eyed her critically. "Now you're talkin'! I'd do a little reading of the newspaper myself if I was you. A woman's business ain't to work out in the hot sun—it's to cook and fix up things round the house, and then put on her clean dress and set in the shade and read or sew on something. Stand up to 'em! doggone me if I'd paddle round that hot corn-field with a mess o' Dutchmen—it ain't decent!"

He drove off with a chuckle at the old man

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who was seated at the back of the house with a newspaper in his hand. He was lame, or pretended he was, and made his wife and daughter wait upon him. Claude had no conception of what was working in Nina's mind, but he could not help observing the changes for the better in her appearance. Each day he called she was neatly dressed, and wore her shoes laced up to the very top hook.

She was passing through tribulation on his account, but she said nothing about it. The old man, her father, no longer spoke to her, and the mother sputtered continually, but the girl seemed sustained by some inner power. She calmly went about doing as she pleased, and no fury of words could check her or turn her aside.

Her hands grew smooth and supple once more, and her face lost the parboiled look it once had.

Claude noticed all these gains, and commented on them with the freedom of a man who had established friendly relations with a child.

"I tell you what, Nina, you're coming along, sure. Next ground hop you'll be wearin' silk stockin's and high-heeled shoes. How's the old man? Still mad?"

"He don't speak to me no more. My mudder says I am a big fool."

"She does? Well, you tell her I think you're just getting sensible."

She smiled again, and there was a subtle quality in the mixture of boldness and timidity of her manner. His praise was so sweet and stimulating.

"I sold my pigs," she said. "The old man, he wass madt, but I didn't mind. I pought me a new dress with the money."

"That's right! I like to see a woman have plenty of new dresses," Claude replied. He was really enjoying the girl's rebellion and growing womanliness.

Meanwhile his own affairs with Lucindy were in a bad way. He seldom saw her now. Mrs. Smith was careful to convey to her that Claude stopped longer than was necessary at Haldeman's, and so Mrs. Kennedy attended to the matter of recording the cream. Kennedy himself was always in the field, and Claude had no opportunity for a conversation with him, as he very much wished to have. Once, when he saw 'Cindy in the kitchen at work, he left his team to rest in the shade and sauntered to the door and looked in.

She was rolling out cake dough, and she looked the loveliest thing he had ever seen. Her sleeves were rolled up. Her neat brown dress was covered with a big apron, and her collar was open a little at the throat, for it was warm in the kitchen. She frowned when she saw him.

He began jocularly. "Oh, thank you, I can wait till it bakes. No trouble at all."

"Well, it's a good deal of trouble to me to have you standing there gappin' at me!"

"Ain't gappin' at you. I'm waiting for the pie."

"'Tain't pie; it's cake."

"Oh, well, cake 'll do for a change. Say, 'Cindy—"

"Don't call me 'Cindy!"

"Well, Lucindy. It's mighty lonesome when I don't see you on my trips."

"Oh, I guess you can stand it with Nina to talk to."

"Aha! jealous, are you?"

"Jealous of that Dutchwoman! I don't care who you talk to, and you needn't think it."

Claude was learned in woman's ways, and this pleased him mightily.

"Well, when shall I speak to your daddy?"

"I don't know what you mean, and I don't care."

"Oh, yes, you do. I'm going to come up here next Sunday in my best bib and tucker, and I'm going to say, 'Mr. Kennedy'—"

The sound of Mrs. Kennedy's voice and footsteps approaching made Claude suddenly remember his duties.

"See ye later," he said, with a grin. "I'll call for the cake next time."

"Call till you split your throat, if you want to," said 'Cindy.

Apparently this could have gone on indefinitely, but it didn't. Lucindy went to Minneapolis for a few weeks to stay with her brother, and that threw Claude more into despair than anything Mrs. Kennedy might do or anything Lucindy might say. It was a dreadful blow to him to have her pack up and go so suddenly, and without one backward look at him, and, besides, he had planned taking her to Tyre on the Fourth of July.

Mr. Kennedy, much better-natured than the mother, told Claude where she had gone.

"By mighty! That's a knock on the nose for me. When did she go?"

"Yistady. I took her down to the Siding."

"When's she coming back?"

"Oh, after the hot weather is over; four or five weeks."

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"I hope I'll be alive when she returns," said Claude, gloomily.

Naturally, he had a little more time to give to Nina and her remarkable doings, which had set the whole neighborhood to wondering "what had come over the girl."

She no longer worked in the field. She dressed better, and had taken to going to the most fashionable church in town. She was as a woman transformed. Nothing was able to prevent her steady progression and bloom. She grew plumper and fairer, and became so much more attractive that the young Germans thickened round her, and one or two Yankee boys looked her way. Through it all Claude kept up his half-humorous banter and altogether serious daily advice, without once realizing that anything sentimental connected him with it all. He knew she liked him, and sometimes he felt a little annoyed by her attempts to please him, but that she was doing all that she did and ordering her whole life to please him never entered his self-sufficient head.

There wasn't much room left in that head for any one else except Lucindy, and his plans for winning her. Plan as he might, he saw no way of making more than the two dollars a day he was earning as a cream-collector.

Things ran along thus from week to week till it was nearly time for Lucindy to return. Claude was having his top-buggy repainted, and was preparing for a vigorous campaign when Lucindy should be at home again. He owned his team and wagon and the buggy—nothing more.

One Saturday Mr. Kennedy said, "Lucindy's coming home. I'm going down after her to-night."

"Let me bring her up," said Claude, with suspicious eagerness.

Mr. Kennedy hesitated. "No, I guess I'll go myself. I want to go to town, anyway."

Claude was in high spirits as he drove into Haldeman's yard that afternoon.

Nina was leaning over the fence singing softly to herself, but a fierce altercation was going on inside the house. The walls resounded. It was all Dutch to Claude, but he knew the old people were quarreling.

Nina smiled and colored as Claude drew up at the side gate. She seemed not to hear the eloquent altercation inside.

"What's going on?" asked Claude.

"Dey tink I am in house."

"How's that?"

"My mudder she lock me up."

Claude stared. "Locked you up? What for?"

"She tondt like it dot I come out to see you."

"Oh, she don't?" said Claude. "What's the matter o' me? I ain't a dangerous chap. I ain't eatin' up little girls."

Nina went on placidly. "She saidt dot you was goin' to marry me undt get the farm."

Claude grinned, then chuckled, and at last roared and whooped with the delight of it. He took off his hat and said:

"She said that, did she? Why, bless her old cabbage head—"

The opening of the door and the sudden irruption of Frau Haldeman interrupted him. She came rushing toward him like a she grizzly bear, uttering a torrent of German expletives, and hurled herself upon him, clutching at his hair and throat. He leaped aside and struck down her hands with a sweep of his hard right arm. As she turned to come again he shouted:

"Keep off! or I'll knock you down!"

But before the blow came Nina seized the infuriated woman from behind and threw her down, and held her till the old man came hobbling to the rescue. He seemed a little dazed by it all, and made no effort to assault Claude.

The old woman, who was already black in the face with rage, suddenly fell limp, and Nina, kneeling beside her, grew white with fear.

"Oh, vat is the matter! I haf kildt her!"

Claude rushed for a bucket of water, and dashed it in the old woman's face. He flooded her with slashings of it, especially after he saw her open her eyes, ending by emptying the bucket in her face. He was a little malicious about that.

The mother sat up soon, wet, scared, bewildered, gasping.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Ich bin ertrinken!"

"What does she say—she's been drinkin'? Well, that looks reasonable."

"No, no—she thinks she is trouned."

"Oh, drowned!" Claude roared again. "Not much she ain't. She's only just getting cooled off."

He helped the girl get her mother to the house and stretch her out on a bed. The old woman seemed to have completely exhausted herself with her effort, and submitted like a child to be waited upon. Her sudden fainting had subdued her.

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Claude had never penetrated so far into the house before, and was much pleased with the neatness and good order of the rooms, though they were bare of furniture and carpets.

As the girl came out with him to the gate he uttered the most serious word he had ever had with her.

"Now, I want you to notice," he said, "that I did nothing to call out the old lady's rush at me. I'd 'a' hit her, sure, if she'd 'a' clinched me again. I don't believe in striking a woman, but she was after my hide for the time bein', and I can't stand two such clutches in the same place. You don't blame me, I hope."

"No. You done choost ride."

"What do you suppose the old woman went for me for?"

Nina looked down uneasily.

"She know you an' me lige one anudder, an' she is afrait you marry me, an' den ven she tie you get the farm a-ready."

Claude whistled. "Great Jehosaphat! She really thinks that, does she? Well, dog my cats! What put that idea into her head?"

"I told her," said Nina, calmly.

"You told her?" Claude turned and stared at her. She looked down, and her face slowly grew to a deep red. She moved uneasily from one foot to the other, like an awkward, embarrassed child. As he looked at her standing like a culprit before him, his first impulse was to laugh. He was not a specially refined man, but he was a kindly man, and it suddenly occurred to him that the girl was suffering.

"Well, you were mistaken," he said at last, gently enough. "I don't know why you should think so, but I never thought of marrying you—never thought of it."

The flush faded from her face, and she stopped swaying. She lifted her eyes to his in a tearful, appealing stare.

"I t'ought so—you made me t'ink so."

"I did? How? I never said a word to you about—liking you or—marrying—or anything like that. I—" He was going to tell her he intended to marry Lucindy, but he checked himself.

Her eyes fell again, and the tears began to stream down her cheeks. She knew the worst now. His face had convinced her. She could not tell him the grounds of her belief—that every time he had said, "I don't like to see a woman do this or that," or, "I like to see a woman fix up around the house," she had considered his words in the light of courtship, believing that in such ways the Yankees made love. So she stood suffering dumbly while he loaded his cream-can and stood by the wheel ready to mount his wagon.

He turned. "I'm mighty sorry about it," he said. "Mebbe I was to blame. I didn't mean nothing by it—not a thing. It was all a mistake. Let's shake hands over it, and call the whole business off."

He held his hand out to her, and with a low cry she seized it and laid her cheek upon it. He started back in amazement, and drew his hand away. She fell upon her knees in the path and covered her face with her apron, while he hastily mounted his seat and drove away.

Nothing so profoundly moving had come into his life since the death of his mother, and as he rode on down the road he did a great deal of thinking. First it gave him a pleasant sensation to think a woman should care so much for him. He had lived a homeless life for years, and had come into intimate relations with few women, good or bad. They had always laughed with him (not at him, for Claude was able to take care of himself), and no woman before had taken him seriously, and there was a certain charm about the realization.

Then he fell to wondering what he had said and done to give the girl such a notion of his purposes. Perhaps he had been too free with his talk. He was so troubled that he hardly smiled once during the rest of his circuit, and at night he refrained from going up town, and sat under the trees back of the creamery, and smoked and pondered on the astounding situation.

He came at last to the resolution that it was his duty to declare himself to Lucindy and end all uncertainty, so that no other woman would fall into Nina's error. He was as good as an engaged man, and the world should know it.

The next day, with his newly painted buggy flashing in the sun, and the extra dozen ivory rings he had purchased for his harnesses clashing together, he drove up the road as a man of leisure and a resolved lover. It was a beautiful day in August.

Lucindy was getting a light tea for some friends up from the Siding, when she saw Claude drive up.

"Well, for the land sake!" she broke out, using one of her mother's phrases. "If here isn't that creamery man!" In that phrase lay the answer to Claude's question—if he

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had heard it. He drove in, and Mr. Kennedy, with impartial hospitality, went out and asked him to 'light and put his team in the barn.

He did so, feeling very much exhilarated. He never before had gone courting in this direct and aboveboard fashion. He mistook the father's hospitality for compliance in his designs. He followed his host into the house, and faced, with very fair composure, two girls who smiled broadly as they shook hands with him. Mrs. Kennedy gave him a lax hand and a curt how-de-do, and Lucindy fairly scowled in answer to his radiant smile.

She was much changed, he could see. She wore a dress with puffed sleeves, and her hair was dressed differently. She seemed strange and distant, but he thought she was "putting that on" for the benefit of others. At the table the three girls talked of things at the Siding, and ignored him so that he was obliged to turn to Farmer Kennedy for refuge. He kept his courage up by thinking, "Wait till we are alone."

After supper, when Lucindy explained that the dishes would have to be washed, he offered to help in his best manner.

"Thank you, I don't need any help," was Lucindy's curt reply.

Ordinarily he was a man of much facility and ease in addressing women, but he was vastly disconcerted by her manner. He sat rather silently waiting for the room to clear. When the visitors intimated that they must go, he rose with cheerful alacrity.

"I'll get your horse for you."

He helped hitch the horse into the buggy, and helped the girls in with a return of easy gallantry, and watched them drive off with joy. At last the field was clear.

They returned to the sitting-room, where the old folks remained for a decent interval, and then left the young people alone. His courage returned then, and he turned toward her with resolution in his voice and eyes.

"Lucindy," he began.

"Miss Kennedy, please," interrupted Lucindy, with cutting emphasis.

"I'll be darned if I do," he replied, hotly. "What's the matter with you? Since going to Minneapolis you put on a lot of city airs, it seems to me."

"If you don't like my airs, you know what you can do!"

He saw his mistake.

"Now see here, Lucindy, there's no sense in our quarreling."

"I don't want to quarrel; I don't want anything to do with you. I wish I'd never seen you."

"Oh, you don't mean that! After all the good talks we've had."

She flushed red. "I never had any such talks with you."

He pursued his advantage.

"Oh, yes, you did, and you took pains that I should see you."

"I didn't no such thing. You came poking into the kitchen where you'd no business to be."

"Say, now, stop fooling. You like me and—"

"I don't. I *hate* you, and if you don't clear out I'll call father. You're one o' these kind o' men that think if a girl looks at 'em that they want to marry 'em. I tell you I don't want anything more to do with you, and I'm engaged to another man, and I wish you'd attend to your own business. So there. I hope you're satisfied."

Claude sat for nearly a minute in silence, then he rose. "I guess you're right. I've made a mistake. I've made a mistake in the girl." He spoke with a curious hardness in his voice. "Good-evening, *Miss* Kennedy."

He went out with dignity and in good order. His retreat was not ludicrous. He left the girl with the feeling that she had lost her temper, and with the knowledge that she had uttered a lie.

He put his horses to the buggy with a mournful self-pity as he saw the wheels glisten. He had done all this for a scornful girl who could not treat him decently. As he drove slowly down the road he mused deeply. It was a knock-down blow, surely. He was a just man, so far as he knew, and as he studied the situation over he could not blame the girl. In the light of her convincing wrath he comprehended that the sharp things she had said to him in the past were not make-believe—not love-taps, but real blows. She had not been coquetting with him; she had tried to keep him away. She considered herself too good for a hired man. Well, maybe she was. Anyhow, she had gone out of his reach, hopelessly.

As he came past the Haldemans' he saw Nina sitting out under the trees in the twilight. On the impulse he pulled in. His mind took another turn. Here was a woman who was open and aboveboard in her affection. Her words meant what they stood for. He remembered how she had bloomed out the last

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few months. She has the making of a handsome woman in her, he thought.

She saw him and came out to the gate, and while he leaned out of his carriage she rested her arms on the gate and looked up at him. She looked pale and sad, and he was touched.

"How's the old lady?" he asked.

"Oh, she's up! She is much change-ed. She is veak and quiet."

"Quiet, is she? Well, that's good."

"She t'inks God strike her fer her wickedness. Never before did she fainted like dot."

"Well, don't spoil that notion in her. It may do her a world of good."

"Der priest come. He saidt it wass a punishment. She saidt I should marry who I like."

Claude looked at her searchingly. She was certainly much improved. All she needed was a little encouragement and advice and she would make a handsome wife. If the old lady had softened down, her son-in-law could safely throw up the creamery job and become the boss of the farm. The old man was used up, and the farm needed some one right away.

He straightened up suddenly. "Get your hat," he said, "and we'll take a ride."

She started erect, and he could see her pale face glow with joy.

"With you?"

"With me. Get your best hat. We may turn up at the minister's and get married—if a Sunday marriage is legal."

As she hurried up the walk he said to himself:

"I'll bet it gives Lucindy a shock!"

And the thought pleased him mightily.

The Rage for Bigness

By W. E. Keyes

Summer seems to be peculiarly the season of municipal boasting. Doubtless the reason is that the directories of the large cities are usually published early in July, and afford a basis for computing increases of population during the previous twelve months.

Chicago and St. Louis used to be bitter rivals in the strife for bigness, but Chicago has now so far outstripped St. Louis that she recognizes no peer in the country save New York. Indeed, up to a very recent date Chicago was able to say that her tall buildings surpassed any in New York. She can no longer make that boast, but she still exults in the world-beating vastness of her stock-yards and slaughter-houses.

This municipal rivalry exists not alone among the largest cities of the country. It is quite as fierce among the smaller ones, and the characteristics of it are the same everywhere. The consuming desire seems to be to excel in mere material bigness. More square miles of city area, more streets, more buildings, more people, more business, than in the rival town a hundred or two hundred miles away—that is the one thought, the high ambition.

A young man whose home is in a Western city visited a New England town not long ago. After a walk through the principal streets, he observed to a friend that he had seen very few dram-shops. "It is quite in contrast to what one sees in my part of the country," said he. "Our town has more saloons, in proportion to the population, than any other in the United States. There's one to every hundred inhabitants, men, women, and children."

No doubt this young man would have resented the imputation that he was proud of this feature of his home surroundings; but he had become so infatuated with the beauty of bigness that he could not help boasting even of this melancholy example of it.

The quality of bigness alone is a very little thing to occasion pride. Babylon was big, Babel was big; but their names stand to-day only for wickedness and presumption. When one pauses to think of it, how contemptible is a city of a million Babylonians, rich, powerful, luxurious, debased, compared with a little settlement of Plymouth Pilgrims, poor, feeble, starved, despised, but animated by a grand purpose!

One may well ask, Wherein lies the glory of the most wealthy and influential city whose wealth is misgotten and misspent, and whose influence is misdirected? Wherein lies its greatness if it licenses saloons to the extent of one for every hundred of its inhabitants, yet allows troops of children to run the streets for lack of sufficient school-houses?

Our cities are big enough already. But who can say they are good enough? That is the question which comes home to every citizen. It is not in the power of many of us to contribute to the bigness of the communities in which we live, but each one of us may do something to make them better, and worthier of their pioneer founders.

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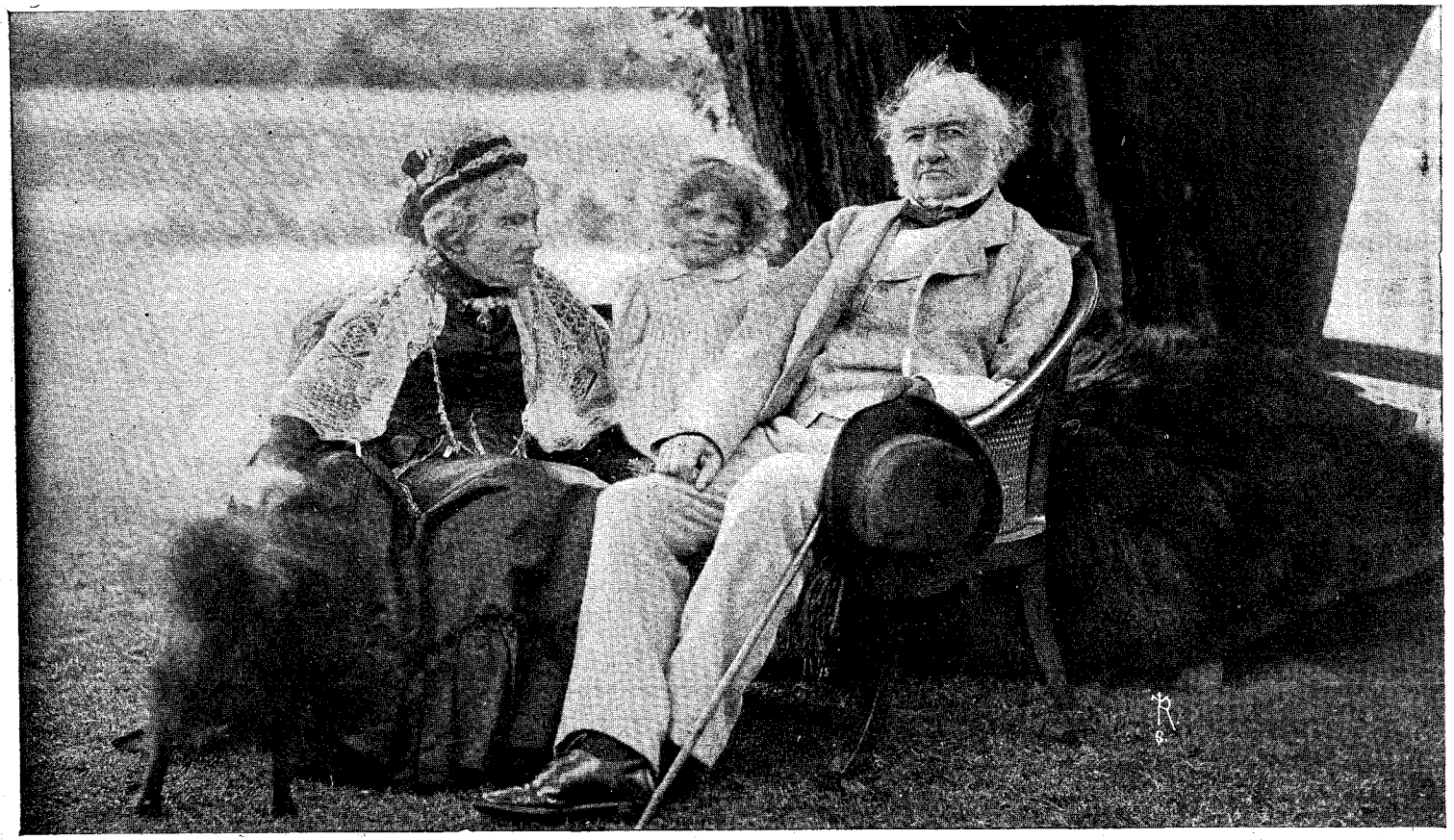

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER, DOROTHY DREW

From a late photograph by Messrs. Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

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The Story of Gladstone's Life [1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—GLADSTONE'S BUSY LEISURE

THEN came a season of what would have seemed to be extraordinary energy and overwork for any other man, but which was only a season of rest for Mr. Gladstone. He turned his attention once again to theology. He wrote letters, essays, and even books on theological subjects; while in the meantime not much escaped him in politics, or even in light literature. He allowed the outer world to know, although in becoming, guarded fashion, his opinion on this or that measure which was under discussion in Parliament, or on this or that subject of political controversy outside Parliament. He did not volunteer these opinions. He certainly did not obtrude them on the public; but if he were asked for a few words of counsel or of guidance, he gave them, in a helpful, friendly, modest sort of way. He read books of passing interest, even novels, and he did not disdain to say what he thought of them if they contained anything worth thinking about at all. He seems to me like another Charles the Fifth sitting down in his cell in the convent of St. Yuste, withdrawn to all seeming from the outer world and its doings, and yet keeping himself closely informed of everything that was going on, and taking the keenest interest in the movements of that political life from which he had withdrawn himself forever. We in London followed all his goings and his comings, his writings and his sayings, with an attentiveness which never relaxed. He went to Biarritz, he went to the Riviera, he talked with French public men and Spanish public men, he received friends at Hawarden, he kept up his position there as an active promoter of every good local movement. We were all delighted to hear that his sight had grown better and that his hearing had grown better. He sometimes buried himself in books and would work on a stretch ten hours in the day. He made short voyages, and appeared to enjoy them with a perfectly youthful activity for the reception of new impressions. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate the variety of his occupations than by mentioning the book, apparently of the most solid importance, which he wrote on Bishop Butler and Bishop Butler's theology, and the article on Sheridan which he contributed to the "Nineteenth Century" in June, 1896. I am not qualified to say anything about the work on Bishop Butler, but I know at least that it created a great sensation in England, and that it was discussed and debated and replied to by reviewers and writers without end. The article in the "Nineteenth Century" on Sheridan takes up a subject concerning which I am better qualified to form an opinion. The article was suggested by the work of my friend Mr. Fraser Rae, "already well known," Mr. Gladstone says, "to political readers as the author of a useful volume in which he associated the name of Sheridan with those of Fox and of Wilkes," and who brought out a recent biography of Sheridan for the purpose of proving that full justice had never been done in this country to the memory of the author of the "Begum Speech" and the "School for Scandal." Mr. Gladstone thoroughly agrees with the views of Mr. Fraser Rae. "The path of a biographer," he says, "may be a flowery path, but it is beset with snares, especially as to the distribution of his materials and the maintenance of a due proportion in presenting the several aspects of his subject. These, in the case of Sheridan, were especially numerous and diversified. He was a dramatist, a wit, and something of a poet. He won his wife by dueling and by a trip which might be called an elopement. In society he quickly grew to be a favorite, almost indeed an idol. He came into Parliament by means which, if open to exception in point of purity, were due to no man's favor, but thoroughly independent. While a representative of the people, he sustained in a marked manner the character of a courtier, though the scene of his practice lay at Carlton House and not at Windsor [Carlton House, I should say, was the residence of the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth]. Here have been enumerated parts enough to fill the life of an

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ordinary, nay, of something more than an ordinary, man. But interwoven with these and towering high above them were his claims as an orator, a patriot, and a statesman. It is in these respects, and especially in the last two, which are the most important of them, that, as Mr. Rae considers, justice has not yet been fully done to Sheridan. His main purpose, therefore, is one of historical rectification. No aim is of more durable consequence, and I cannot but think that in a great measure it has been attained."

I do not want to quote too much of this most interesting article. It would be interesting and worth studying if it had been written by a perfectly obscure author. There would not seem to be much on the surface of Sheridan's character which could attract a man so profoundly earnest as Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Gladstone goes far beneath the surface and boldly brushes aside the commonplace and conventional notions of Sheridan as a mere writer of plays and unpaid jester to the Prince Regent, and shows him in his true rank as an orator of the highest Parliamentary class, as a statesman, and as a patriot. I cannot forbear from quoting a few closing lines which Mr. Gladstone devotes to the memory of Mrs. Sheridan, the wonderful singer Miss Linley, who has often been called the Saint Cecilia of her day. "It is impossible," says Mr. Gladstone, "to close this rapid and slight sketch without one word at least on Mrs. Sheridan. One of the strong titles of Sheridan to the favor of posterity is to be found in the warm attachment of his family and his descendants to his memory. The strongest of them all lies in the fact that he could attract and could retain through her too short life the devoted affections of this admirable woman, whose beauty and accomplishments, remarkable as they were, were the least of her titles to praise. Mrs. Sheridan was certainly not strait-laced; not only did she lose at cards fifteen and twenty-one guineas on two successive nights, but she played cards, after the fashion of her day, on Sunday evenings. I am very far from placing such exploits among her claims on our love. But I frankly own to finding it impossible to read the accounts of her without profoundly coveting, across the gulf of all these years, to have seen and known her. Let her be judged by the incomparable verses (presented to us in these volumes) in which she opens the floodgate of her bleeding heart at a moment when she feared she had been robbed, for the moment, of Sheridan's affections by the charms of another. Those verses of loving pardon proceed from a soul advanced to some of the highest Gospel attainments. She passed into her rest when still under forty, peacefully absorbed for days before her departure in the contemplation of the coming world."

It seems to me that there is something in the tender and melancholy compassion and toleration of these kindly words not unworthy of the pen of Thackeray.

Mr. Gladstone wrote, among other things, an article on minor poets, of whom he must have known a good many in his time; but, as we have already seen, he had known Wordsworth in his early days, and he knew Tennyson and Browning to the end of either man's life. Nobody could have admired more than I did Mr. Gladstone's versatility and activity as an orator and a statesman, but I confess that I am almost equally impressed by the healthy vitality of the man who, at the age of eighty-six, having retired altogether from Parliamentary life, can yet enter with so profound and practical an interest into almost every question which concerns men and women, and can absolutely refuse to exile himself from any manner of controversy, theological, literary, or political, on which there is a word to be said in season. In truth, we never lost Mr. Gladstone even when he had no longer a place in the House of Commons or on the political platform.

On Monday, the first of June, 1896, the public of England were penetrated by an unexpected sensation. It came in the form of a statement made by Mr. Gladstone, and communicated to the world by the Archbishop of York, on the subject of the unity of Christendom and the validity of Anglican orders. It ought to be said, in explanation of Mr. Gladstone's letter, that the question of unity or union among the Christian churches had been lately pressed upon public attention by Pope Leo the Thirteenth. The Pope had addressed a letter to the English people appealing for something like a reunion with the Church of Rome. The letter was full of interest, was grave and dignified and sympathetic. A movement having for its purpose the same general result had been going on for some time among clergymen and laymen who belonged to one section of the Anglican Church. Lord Halifax, who was the Chairman of a great Anglican organization, the English Church Union, had taken a prominent part in the

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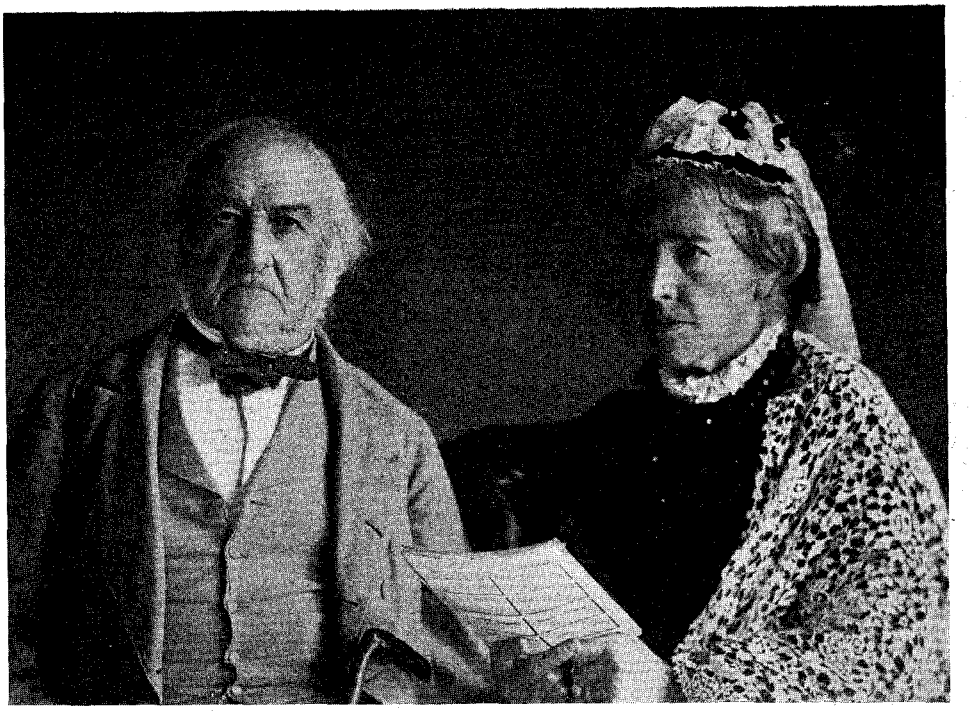

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE
From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London.

movement. He went to Rome, had interviews with the Pope and with the Pope's councilors, and he endeavored to ascertain how far Rome on the one hand and the English Church on the other were willing to advance towards a basis of union. One of the questions which came up for discussion was that of the validity of Anglican orders; that is, whether Rome would or could recognize the right of an Anglican clergyman to seek, as such, admission to the clerical order in the Roman Church, if any change of opinion should lead him that way. Mr. Gladstone's letter concerns itself almost altogether about that one part of the whole subject; but his utterances are full of interest even as regards the grave possibilities of the greater subject. "The question of the validity of Anglican orders," he says, "might seem to be of limited interest if it were only to be treated by the amount of any immediate, practical, and external consequences likely to follow upon any discussion or decision that might now be taken in respect to it. For the clergy of the Anglican communions, numbering between thirty thousand and forty thousand, and for their flocks, the whole subject is one of settled solidity. In the Oriental Churches there prevails a sentiment of increased and increasing friendliness towards the Anglican Church, but no question of actual intercommunion is likely at present to arise, while happily no system of proselytism exists to set a blister on our mutual relations. In the Latin Church, which, from its magnitude and the close tissue of its organization, overshadows all Western Christendom, these orders, so far as they have been noticed, have been commonly disputed, or denied, or treated as if they were null. A positive condemnation of them, if viewed dryly in its letter, would do no more than harden the existing usage of re-ordination in the case, which at most periods has been a rare one, of Anglican clergy who might seek admission to the clerical order in the Roman Church." It ought to be explained that the particular object of Mr. Gladstone's interest was the report, widely spread over the world, that the question of the validity of Anglican orders was then actually the subject of a formal investigation by the authorities at the Vatican. On this point Mr. Gladstone goes on to say that "very different indeed would be the moral aspect and effect of a formal, authorized investigation of the question at Rome, to whichever side the result might incline. It is to the last degree improbable that a ruler of known wisdom would at this

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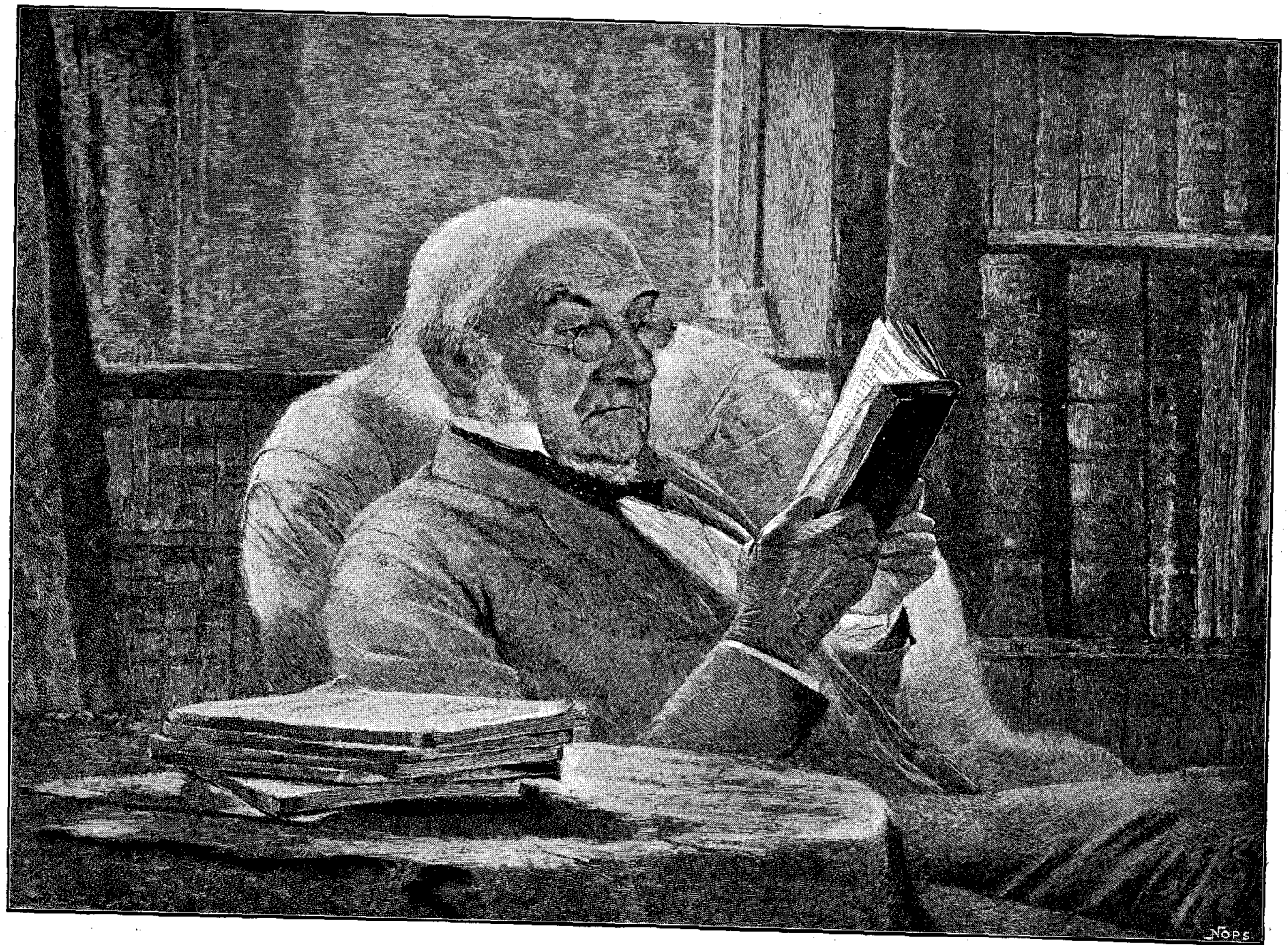

MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY AT HAWARDEN
From the painting by Mr. McClure Hamilton.

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time put in motion the machinery of the Curia for the purpose of widening the breach which severs the Roman Catholic Church from a communion which, though small in comparison, yet is extended through the large and fast-increasing range of the English-speaking races, and which represents, in the religious sphere, one of the most powerful nations of European Christendom. According to my reading of history, that breach is indeed already a wide one; but the existing schism has not been put into stereotype by any anathema or any expressed renunciation of communion, on either side. As an acknowledgment of Anglican orders would not create intercommunion, so a condemnation of them would not absolutely excommunicate; but it would be a step, and even morally a stride, toward excommunication; and it would stand as a practical affirmation of the principle that it is wise to make the religious differences between the Churches of Christendom more conspicuous to the world, and also to bring them into a state of the highest fixity, so as to enhance the difficulty of approaching them at any future time in the spirit of reconciliation. From such a point of view an inquiry resulting in a proscription of Anglican orders would be no less important than deplorable."

Mr. Gladstone goes on to say that the information which he had received from Lord Halifax dispelled from his mind every apprehension of that kind, and convinced him that if the investigations of the Curia did not lead to a favorable result, wisdom and charity would, in any case, arrest them at such a point as to prevent their becoming an occasion and a means of embittering religious controversy.

Mr. Gladstone then sets out very frankly his own point of view. "And now I must take upon me to speak in the only capacity in which it can be warrantable for me to intervene in a discussion properly belonging to persons of competent authority. That is, the capacity of an absolutely private person, born and baptized in the Anglican Church, accepting his lot there, as is the duty of all who do not find that she has forfeited her original and inherent privilege and place. I may add that my case is that of one who has been led by the circumstances both of his private and of his public career to a lifelong and rather close observation of her character, her fortunes, and the part she has to play in the grand history of Redemption. Thus it is that her public interests are also his personal interests, and that they require or justify what is no more than his individual thought upon them. He is not one of those who look for an early restitution of such a Christian unity as that which marked the earlier history of the Church. Yet he even cherishes the belief that work may be done in that direction, which, if not majestic or imposing, may nevertheless be legitimate and solid; and this by the least as well as by the greatest. It is the Pope who, as the first Bishop of Christendom, has the noblest sphere of action; but the humblest of the Christian flock has his place of daily duty, and, according as he fills it, helps to make or mar every good or holy work." Mr. Gladstone declares that he "has viewed with profound and thankful satisfaction, during the last half-century and more, the progressive advance of a great work of restoration in Christian doctrine. It has not been wholly confined within his own country to the Anglican Communion, but it is best that he should speak of that which has been most under his eye. Within these limits it has not been confined to doctrine, but has extended to Christian life and all its workings. The aggregate result has been that it has brought the Church of England from a state externally of halcyon calm, but inwardly of deep stagnation, to one in which, while buffeted more or less by external storms, subjected to some peculiar and searching forms of trial, and even now by no means exempt from internal dissensions, she sees her clergy transformed (for this is the word which may advisedly be used), her vital energies enlarged and still growing in every direction, and a store of bright hopes accumulated that she may be able to contribute her share, and even possibly no mean share, towards a consummation of the work of the Gospel in the world. Now the contemplation of these changes by no means, unfortunately, ministers to our pride. They involve large admissions of collective fault. This is not the place, and I am not the proper organ, for exposition in detail. But I may mention the widespread depression of Evangelical doctrine, the insufficient exhibition of the person and the work of the Redeemer, the coldness and deadness as well as the infrequency of public worship, the relegation of the Holy Eucharist to impoverished ideas and to the place of one (though doubtless a solemn one) among its occasional incidents, the gradual effacement of church

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observance from personal and daily life. In all these respects there has been a profound alteration, which is still progressive, and which, apart from occasional extravagance or indiscretion, has indicated a real advance in the discipline of souls and in the work of God on behalf of man. . . . Certain publications of learned French priests," Mr. Gladstone went on to say, "unsuspected in their orthodoxy, which went to affirm the validity of Anglican ordinations, naturally excited much interest in this country and elsewhere. But there was nothing in them to ruffle the Roman atmosphere, or invest the subject, in the circles of the Vatican, with the character of administrative urgency. When, therefore, it came to be understood that Pope Leo XIII. had given his commands that the validity of Anglican ordinations should form the subject of an historical and theological investigation, it was impossible not to be impressed with the profound interest of the considerations brought into view by such a step, if interpreted in accordance with just reason, as an effort towards the abatement of controversial differences. There was, indeed, in my view a subject of thought anterior to any scrutiny of the question upon its intrinsic merits which deeply impressed itself upon my mind. Religious controversies do not, like bodily wounds, heal by the genial course of nature. If they do not proceed to gangrene and to mortification, at least they tend to harden into fixed facts, to incorporate themselves with law, character, and tradition, nay, even with language; so that at last they take rank among the data and presuppositions of common life, and are thought as inexpugnable as the rocks of an iron-bound coast. . . . What courage must it require in a Pope, what an elevation above all the levels of stormy partisanship, what genuineness of love for the whole Christian flock, whether separated or annexed, to enable him to approach the huge mass of hostile and still burning recollections in the spirit and for the purpose of peace! And yet that is what Pope Leo XIII. has done; first, in entertaining the question of this inquiry, and, secondly, in determining and providing, by the infusion both of capacity and impartiality into the investigating tribunal, that no instrument should be overlooked, no guarantee omitted, for the possible attainment of the truth. He who bears in mind the cup of cold water administered to 'one of these little ones' will surely record this effort stamped in its very inception as alike arduous and blessed. But what of the advantage to be derived from any proceeding which shall end or shall reduce within narrower bounds the debate upon Anglican orders? I will put upon paper, with the utmost deference to authority and better judgment, my own personal and individual, and, as I freely admit, very insignificant, reply to the question. The one controversy which, according to my deep conviction, overshadows, and in the last resort absorbs, all others, is the controversy between faith and unbelief. . . . The historical transmission of the truth by a visible Church with an ordained constitution is a matter of profound importance according to the belief and practice of fully three-fourths of Christendom. In these three-fourths I include the Anglican churches, which are probably required in order to make them up. It is surely better for the Roman and also the Oriental Church to find the churches of the Anglican succession standing side by side with them in the assertion of what they deem an important Christian principle than to be obliged to regard them as mere pretenders in this belief, and, *pro tanto*, reduce the 'cloud of witnesses' willing and desirous to testify on behalf of the principle. . . . I may add that my political life has brought me much into contact with those independent religious communities which supply an important religious factor in the religious life of Great Britain, and which, speaking generally, while they decline to own the authority either of the Roman or the National Church, yet still allow to what they know as the Established religion no inconsiderable hold upon their sympathies. In conclusion, it is not for me to say what will be the upshot of the proceedings now in progress at Rome. But, be their issue what it may, there is, in my view, no room for doubt as to the attitude which has been taken by the actual head of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to them. It seems to me an attitude in the largest sense paternal, and, while it will probably stand among the latest recollections of my lifetime, it will ever be cherished with cordial sentiments of reverence, of gratitude, and of high appreciation." The letter was dated Hawarden, 1896.

I have quoted much of Mr. Gladstone's letter because it is a document full of living and also of enduring interest. The earnestness of feeling which he threw into the question is sufficiently proved by the mere evidence of the amount of physical labor it must

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Hawarden Castle,
Chester.

Above all other present purposes, vindicate the rights of the House of Commons as the organ of the nation; and re-establish the Honour of England, as well as consolidate the strength of the Empire, by conceding the just and constitutional claims of Ireland.

W. E. Gladstone

July 5. 1895

MR. GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS, 1895

have taken a man of his advanced years to write with his own hand a letter which occupied two columns of the London daily papers. Of course the letter did not escape controversy and censure. One of the London daily papers which is counted among the most devoted to Mr. Gladstone dryly said that "the process of Christian reunion which begins at Rome will inevitably lose as much at one end as it gains at the other." The allusion is to the attitude taken by some leading Nonconformists towards Mr. Gladstone's letter. Dr. Guinness Rogers, one of the most distinguished and influential Nonconformist leaders and teachers in Great Britain, indignantly denied that Nonconformists had any sympathy with a State-established religion. Dr. Rogers declared that upon his sympathy the Established Church had not the very faintest hold. He honored real Christian men in the State Church, but for a religious establishment he had no sympathy and no respect. He declared himself puzzled to know how a great and subtle intellect like Mr. Gladstone's could occupy itself for a single moment as to whether the Pope did or did not recognize the validity of Anglican orders. What meant, he asked, this silly craving for recognition from Rome? What right have these Anglican clergy, who belonged not to a private church, to betray the liberty purchased by this country by this weak and childish sighing after recognition by the Pope? Many other distinguished Nonconformist ministers talked in the same strain, and at one meeting, at all events, of Nonconformists the mention of Mr. Gladstone's name was received with some hisses, which were promptly rebuked by the voice of the chairman and by the cheers of the great majority of the audience. I am not going

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into the controversy, but it is only right to record the fact that a serious controversy did arise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—PENULTIMATE

Mr. Gladstone was beset by letters calling on him to give some explanation of the position which he had taken up with regard to the Pope and the Anglican orders. I may quote a few sentences from one letter which will speak for many, a letter from a well-known Baptist minister, the Rev. Walter Wynn. After paying some well-deserved compliments to the profound interest and the ability of Mr. Gladstone's letter, the writer goes on to say: "As a Nonconformist minister, however, I am perplexed by this latest demonstration of your genius. If your reasoning is right, the whole basis upon which Nonconformist Church policy is built up is unscriptural and insecure. Any one of less importance and ability than yourself could not have produced upon my mind the shock such a thought gives me. I venture in all sincerity to ask, Would you, if your heart's desire were fulfilled, see the whole of Christendom under the sway and rulership of the Pope? If not, why discuss his opinion as to the validity of Anglican orders, or his sanction in particular of any form of ministry? May I ask also whether your reference to our churches as 'separate religious communities' implies a dogmatic dislike of them?" Mr. Gladstone in his reply said: "The tone of your kind letter commands my sympathy. But I do not yet comprehend the mental process by which my paper has been alarming to any one. My proposition is simply this—the more we, the separate bodies of Christians, are able to acknowledge as sound the truth or usages held by any of us, the more is our common Christianity strengthened. I will endeavor to illustrate. The Church of Rome recognizes as valid (when regularly performed) baptism conferred in your communion and ours. By this acknowledgment I think that Christianity is strengthened in face of non-Christians. For baptism read orders (for the purpose of argument) and the same proposition applies, though unhappily in this case only to us, not to you. No harm that I can see is done to any one else. The settlement of this matter is a thing of the likelihood of which I cannot even form an opinion. But I honor the Pope in the matter, as it is my duty to honor every man who acts as best he can with the spirit of courage, truth, and love. My answer to your question is in the negative."

I think there can be no doubt in the mind of any fair-minded person that, in writing this letter on the Anglican orders, Mr. Gladstone acted, as he had done in so many other cases, the best he could, with the spirit of courage, truth, and love. Considering his peculiar position, his letter might be set down by some as a rash utterance; but then it has to be remembered that many of the noblest words he ever uttered might be regarded as rash utterances. Probably it did not occur to him to think that he, a believer in the Anglican Church, could desire to see the whole of Christendom under the sway and rulership of the Pope. What Gladstone always did desire was that the Christian churches should all draw as near to one another as possible, and should make a common stand against irreligion, against infidelity, against atheism, and against indifference. Mr. Gladstone did not see any enemy to his faith in any Christian church or sect or denomination. He saw the enemies of good in boorish ignorance and in cultured indifference and agnosticism. With him Christianity was a living force, and, more than that, a force essential to the true life of everything. In this spirit, and in none other, he gave forth his utterances on the Anglican orders and the possibility of a nearer approach between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. The Pope shortly after issued an Encyclical which was undoubtedly in great part meant as a reply to Mr. Gladstone's letter. Nothing decisive and final was said as to the subject of the Anglican orders, but, of course, the Pope made it clear that on the part of Rome there could be no compromise of religion or principle. Indeed, the letter was little more than a continuation of a former Encyclical addressed directly by the Pope to the English people. In that Encyclical the Pope made an appeal full of friendliness and even affection to the English people, inviting them to return to the religion of the Roman Catholic Church. But he did not offer any concession or compromise on any matter of importance. The more recent Encyclical merely emphasized the same views. This was exactly what any thoughtful person might have expected. The vital principle of the Roman Catholic Church is, of course, the maintenance of its own doctrines. It is certain that Mr. Gladstone's letter and the Encyclical in reply to it could only tend to produce a kindlier feeling be-

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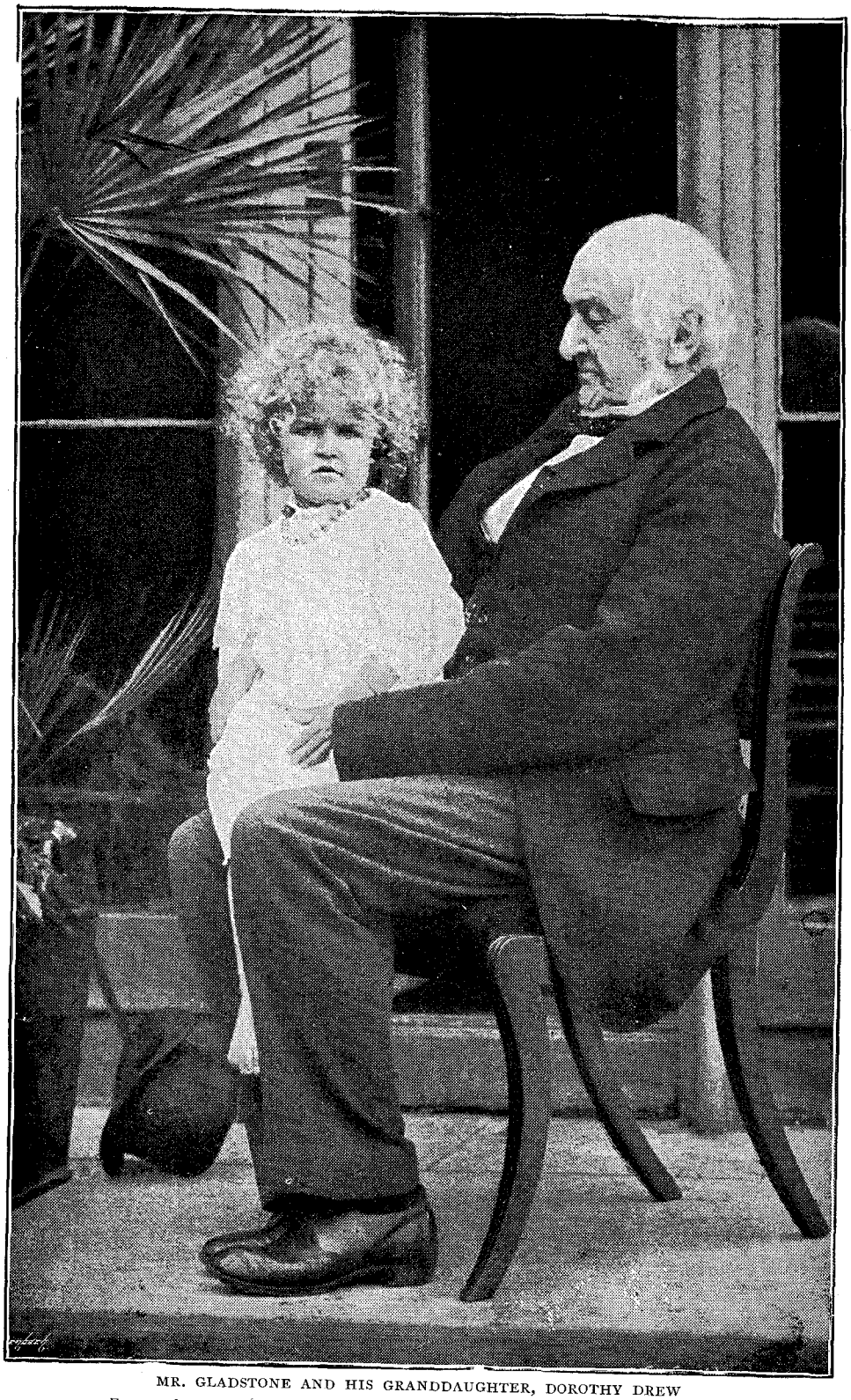

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, DOROTHY DREW
From a photograph taken at Hawarden by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, of Dundee, Scotland.

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MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN

The latest of the family groups. From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London.

tween Anglicans and Roman Catholics. But I am much mistaken if the letter and the Encyclical did not bring about a feeling of soreness and of deep regret among many of the Nonconformists of Great Britain. Their historical position, too, it is easy to understand. But I am sure that some of them, at least, did not quite comprehend or do full justice to the generous impulse of Mr. Gladstone.

Following out, as I have been trying to do, the story of Mr. Gladstone's career, I may own that I am less concerned about the public possibilities of his letter than with the extraordinary evidence it gives of that indomitable interest in the great affairs of humanity which was ever and always the predominant instinct of his nature. Age could not wither that great emotion in him. He saw a chance—a possibility—of uniting two of the great forces of Christianity in a common war against irreligion and indifference, and he came to the front of the field and called on all who felt with him to follow him. That is simply the meaning of his letter. It was but another testimony, if any such were needed, to his absolute sincerity.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth of June, 1896, there was a peculiarly interesting ceremonial at Aberystwith in Wales in honor of the installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the new Welsh University. The Prince of Wales in his new capacity received an address from the University Court, and was presented with a key of the University, the seal, and a copy of the charter and the statutes. Among the recipients of honorary degrees were the Princess of Wales and Mr. Gladstone. A description of the scene when the Prince of Wales presented his wife with the degree said that "Her Royal Highness, rising to confront the Prince face to face, the Chancellor clasping his wife's hand, was an interesting episode, and it seemed to amuse immensely the Princess of Wales, who had a difficulty in keeping her countenance while the Prince, speaking in Latin, as is the ceremonial of such occasions, said, 'Altissima Principissa, admitto te ad gradum doctoris in musica et ad omnia privilegia hujus dignitatis.'" "When Mr. Gladstone's turn came," said the same report, "the cheering was so fast and furious that the Chancellor had to wave his velvet gold-laced mortarboard with authority before he could gain a fair hearing."

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There was a luncheon given afterwards, at which the Prince of Wales made a most sympathetic and graceful reference to the honor conferred on Mr. Gladstone. "You will all join with me," the Prince said, "I am sure, in thanking the veteran statesman and eminent scholar, Mr. Gladstone, who, notwithstanding his advanced age, has undertaken a journey, necessarily fatiguing, in order to pay a compliment to the University of Wales and to myself as its Chancellor. I may truly say that one of the proudest moments of my life was when I found myself in the flattering position of being able to confer an academic distinction upon Mr. Gladstone, who furnishes a rare instance of a man who has achieved one of the highest positions as a statesman, and at the same time has attained such distinction in the domain of literature and scholarship. His translation of the odes of Horace would alone constitute a lasting monument to him, even had he not accomplished so much besides which has rendered him illustrious. Nor do we extend a less warm welcome to Mr. Gladstone's ever-faithful companion and helper during the many years of his busy life." Mr. Gladstone, of course, has his home in Wales, and therefore his position as recipient of honors from the University of Wales through the voice of the Prince of Wales was a peculiarly appropriate, and must have been a very grateful, ceremonial. Mr.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
From a photograph taken by Mr Watmough Webster, of Chester, at Hawarden, in May, 1897

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Gladstone had already been loaded with honors of all kinds, but I am sure that no honor was ever more welcome to him than this tribute from the Welsh University given through the medium of the heir to the crown who bears the title of the principality. The reception offered to Mr. Gladstone by the crowd as he returned to his special train was something which might have given a new throb of feeling to even the proudest of men. To Mr. Gladstone, who had always borne his honors meekly, it must have been a peculiarly touching and thrilling welcome. The long political struggle was over and done. The heat of opposition this way and that had gone out forever, and Mr. Gladstone had none left but friends on both sides of the political field. Probably that ceremonial, that installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the Welsh University, was the last occasion on which Mr. Gladstone would consent to make an appearance on a public platform. It was a graceful close to such a great career, an honor paid to a scholar by the people among whom he lived, a tribute to a statesman's genius and to a noble life.

Later on Mr. Gladstone came back into London and into London society for a short time, not to a platform, but to a great ceremonial occasion. It was on the twenty-second of July, 1896, when he and Mrs. Gladstone came to be present at the marriage of one of the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark. Mr. Gladstone, it is not too much to say, shared public attention with the Sovereign and the young bridegroom and bride. Everybody was delighted to see how well he was looking, and how vivid and active was his personal interest in every incident that belonged to the occasion. Many noted with deep regret that the sight of one of his eyes was sadly dimmed —those eyes that long were so piercing and so thrilling in their gaze and even in their glance—but, so far as the ordinary conditions of health were concerned, the great old statesman seemed to have moulted no feather. The day after the royal wedding he went back to Hawarden—a long journey; and declared himself to be not in the least wearied by his travel to London, or by his attendance at the protracted and formal ceremonial.

The year now drawing to a close has been made memorable to England, and indeed to all the civilized world, by the celebration of what was called the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign—the sixtieth year of her sovereignty. Every civilized State took some share in the tribute of regard thus paid to Queen Victoria. Even the Nationalists of Ireland, who felt bound to take no part in the demonstration, abstained for purely political reasons, and had no thought of disrespect for the ruler whom I have already described as the first and only constitutional sovereign of Great Britain. The Queen was seventy-eight during the year of the Diamond Jubilee, and is, therefore, some ten years younger than Mr. Gladstone or Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Gladstone's health did not allow him to take any conspicuous part in the Jubilee celebration, but we may be sure that no heart beat more fervently than his for the Queen and for her happiness and that of her family, and for the glory of the reign which he himself had done so much to make illustrious and successful.

CHAPTER XXXV.—"THE GRAND OLD MAN"

It is well understood that Mr. Gladstone, on his retirement from public life, received from the Sovereign the offer of an earldom, with, of course, a seat in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone gratefully and gracefully declined the title and the position. No one could have been surprised at his decision. He had already made a name which no earldom or dukedom or any other rank could have enhanced. "Posterity," says Lord Macaulay, "has obstinately refused to degrade Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans." In the same sense the contemporaries and the posterity of William Ewart Gladstone would have declined to accept for him the title of Earl of Hawarden or earl of any other place. He is fixed in the affection and the admiration of his countrymen as William Ewart Gladstone. One title he has indeed received by the universal accord of the public of England and the public of all the world. I do not know, and I suppose nobody knows, who invented this title for him, but it was conferred upon him, and it will always remain with him and with his memory. He was called the Grand Old Man, and the Grand Old Man he always will remain. Never was there a character which more aptly deserved that title, sacred to age and to grandeur of genius, of purpose, and of career. I do not know whether English Parliamentary history records greater doings of any other man. In different paths of political work other men may have been as great as he. So far as one can judge by the writings of contempo-

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MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

From their latest photograph, taken by Messrs. Robinson & Thompson, Liverpool.

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raries, there may have been orators and debaters in Parliament who were equal to him. Probably Fox was his equal in Parliamentary debate. There is a magnificent phrase of Henry Grattan's, himself hardly surpassed as a Parliamentary orator, in which he describes the eloquence of Fox as "rolling in resistless as the waves of the Atlantic." I have often thought of that description when listening to some of Mr. Gladstone's greatest speeches. I have said to myself, "This makes me understand the force and the meaning of Grattan's superb phrase. This is, indeed, eloquence rolling in resistless as the waves of the Atlantic." The elder Pitt was probably as great an orator as Mr. Gladstone. The younger Pitt was probably his equal in the statelier forms of declamation. But not Fox, nor Chatham, nor William Pitt had anything like Mr. Gladstone's capacity for constructive legislation; and the resources of information possessed by Fox or Chatham or Pitt were poor indeed when compared with that storehouse of knowledge which supplied Mr. Gladstone's intellectual capacity. Mr. Gladstone was possessed through his life with an eager passion to do the right thing at all times. Sometimes, no doubt, he took a wrong view of things; but never was swayed by any but the most rightful motives. No human interest was indifferent to him, and the smallest wrong as well as the greatest aroused his most impassioned sympathy, and made him resolve that the wrong should be righted. I have mixed with most of Mr. Gladstone's contemporaries, his political opponents as well as his political followers, and I have never heard a hint of any serious defect in his nature and his character, or of any unworthy motive influencing his public or private career. Defects of temperament, of manner, and of tact have, no doubt, been ascribed to him over and over again. He was not, people tell me, always successful in conciliating, or playing up to the weaknesses of, inferior men. He was not good, I am told, at remembering faces and names. In this peculiarity he was unlike what we all used to believe of the great Napoleon, who never, it once was the common belief, forgot a face or a name. Later historians, however, have corrected public opinion a good deal on this subject, and we now know that the great Napoleon was very carefully "coached" both as regards faces and names, and made many fine theatrical effects on the strength of some quietly administered hint. Such defects, however, in Mr. Gladstone's nature or temperament count, indeed, for little or nothing in the survey of his career. He was loved by his friends; he cannot but be honored even by his political enemies—for personal enemies he never could have had. The name conferred on him by nobody knows whom will be borne by him to all time, and so long as the history of Queen Victoria's reign remains in the memory of civilization he will still be "the Grand Old Man."

THE END

Authority

By William Reed Huntington

Launched upon ether float the worlds secure.
Naught hath the truthful Maker to conceal.
No trestle-work of adamant or steel
Is that high firmament where these endure.
Patient, majestic, round their cynosure
In secular procession see them wheel;
Self-poised, but not self-centered, for they feel
In each tense fiber one all-conquering lure.

And need I fret me, Father, for that Thou
Dost will the weightiest verities to swing
On viewless orbits? Nay, henceforth I cleave
More firmly to the CREDO; and my vow
With readier footstep to thine altar bring,
As one who counts it wisdom to believe.

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An Irish Writer and Her Home

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

ABOUT half a dozen years ago a thin book of poems entitled "Bogland Studies" was published in Dublin. Like most books of poems by unknown writers, it was brought out at the author's expense; but, unlike the common run of them, the verse was characterized by unusual vigor and feeling. Still, the world was very full of books, and few bought the modest volume. Its writer was nearly as unknown as ever when presently the book fell into the hands of a London editor who read it with such interest that he looked up the name on the title-page and wrote a letter to "Mr. J. Barlow."

Great was his surprise when J. Barlow proved to be no Mister at all, but Miss Jane Barlow, daughter of a Dublin professor. Forthwith the editor introduced Miss Barlow to the literary public, and induced her to write a series of short stories in prose. These form her "Irish Idylls," so far the best-known book she has produced. They deserve to grow in public favor, for truer and more entertaining transcripts of peasant life we have never had. Yet they will not appeal to the masses; they are too quiet, too simple, too delicate in flavor to stir minds that crave high-seasoned action and a plot full of turmoil and mystery. Such stories as Miss Barlow's are reserved for the enjoyment of those who like sometimes to see nature and life as loiterers, and to catch the slighter odors and tints and twinklings of humor that escape the person who must go through a book on the jump or not at all. The stories lack the spice of sensation, but to the lover of sweet and simple realities they are full of interest and sparkle.

I do not recall anything in imaginative literature that deals with life, that in itself and in its environment is so humble as in the several books written by Miss Barlow. The scene of her stories is always the Connemara district of the Irish west coast, a forbidding region of water-soaked bogland, somber loughs, and stony mountains. In the forlorn little villages on this bogland live the people she describes. Lisconnel is the place that appears oftenest in her stories—a hamlet of ten houses, counting one with the roof fallen in. It is seven miles to a neighbor village. No one in Lisconnel owns a cow, such is the poverty of the inhabitants. The live stock is limited to a few goats, pigs, and chickens, and these disappear speedily in bad seasons. The cabins are small, their furnishings meager and primitive, wind and frost find easy entrance through their unchinked stone walls, and the rain drips through the rush-thatched roofs. The wet fields that are fenced off by stone walls into tiny squares about the houses yield scant crops of potatoes and oats. The pinch of poverty makes itself felt in every household, and even hunger is a not infrequent visitor.

Could one have more scanty material for story-writing? Yet, as the Irish say in one of their proverbs, "There are plenty of things beside turf to be found in a bog;" and one of the things that Miss Barlow finds there is human nature. The sympathetic reader sees himself in these humble villagers, and he feels a strange interest in their struggles, their loves, their sacrifices and heroism, their quaint conversations and views of the world. More than this, there is atmosphere to the description of it all, and one gets the same sense of the loneliness of the bog and of the sunshine and the showers that fall on Lisconnel village as he would if he had been on the spot. Indeed, it was something of a shock to me to find that Lisconnel was not a real place at all, and that the author neither lived in such a place nor anywhere near.

Miss Barlow's home is on the other side of the island, at Raheny, a suburb of Dublin, four miles out of the city. It is a shapeless, straggling little place, with park-like, tree-dotted fields round about. It has two inns, two churches, the same number of schoolhouses, and a single shabby little shop. On the day I was there the most notable human feature of the village was a row of men near its chief inn, sitting or standing along a house-wall. They were laborers waiting to be hired. It did not seem a very energetic way of finding work, but it saved shoe-leather and perhaps nervous wear and tear, and it is the Irish custom.

The station-master said there was no mid-

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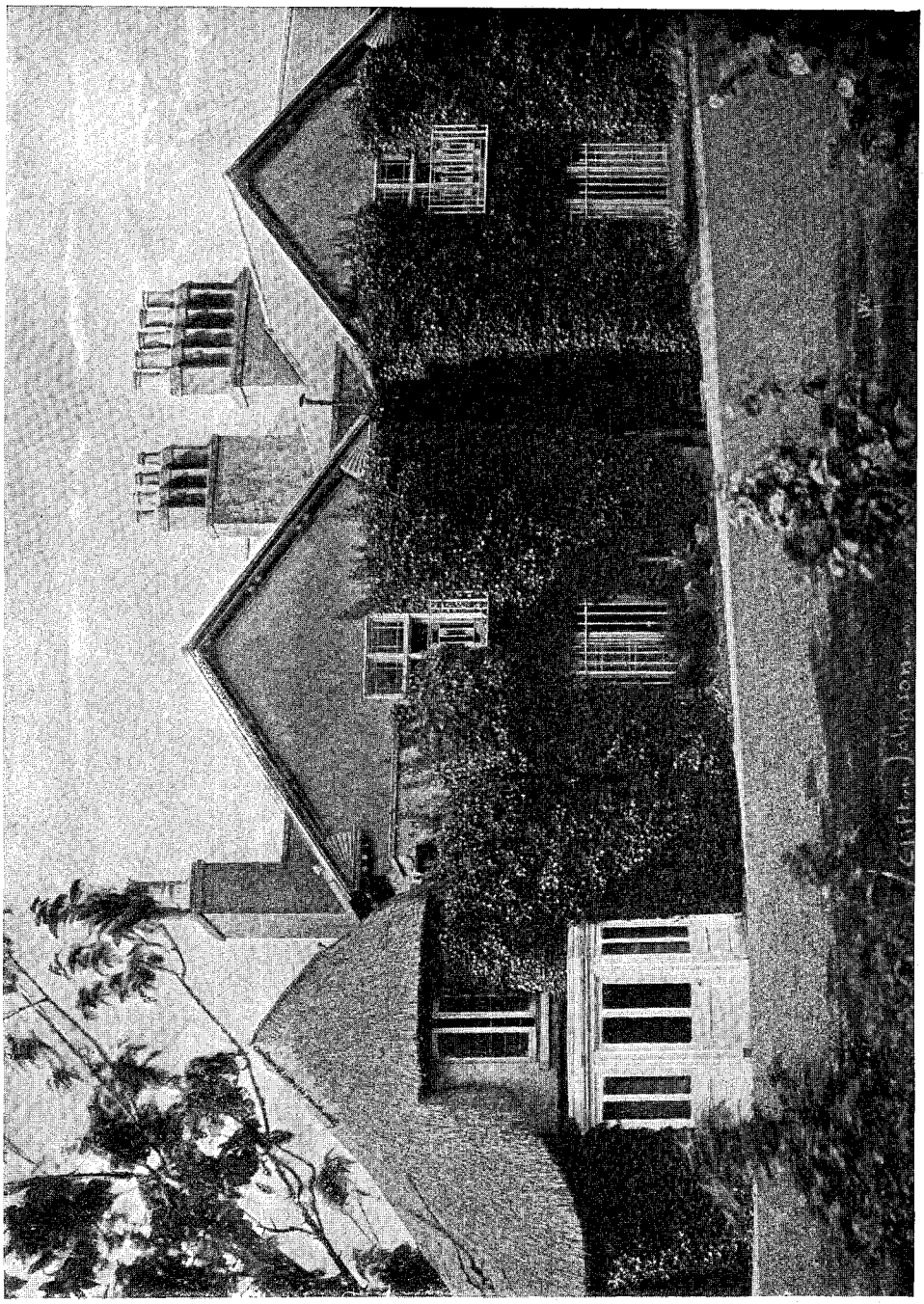

JANE BARLOW'S HOME

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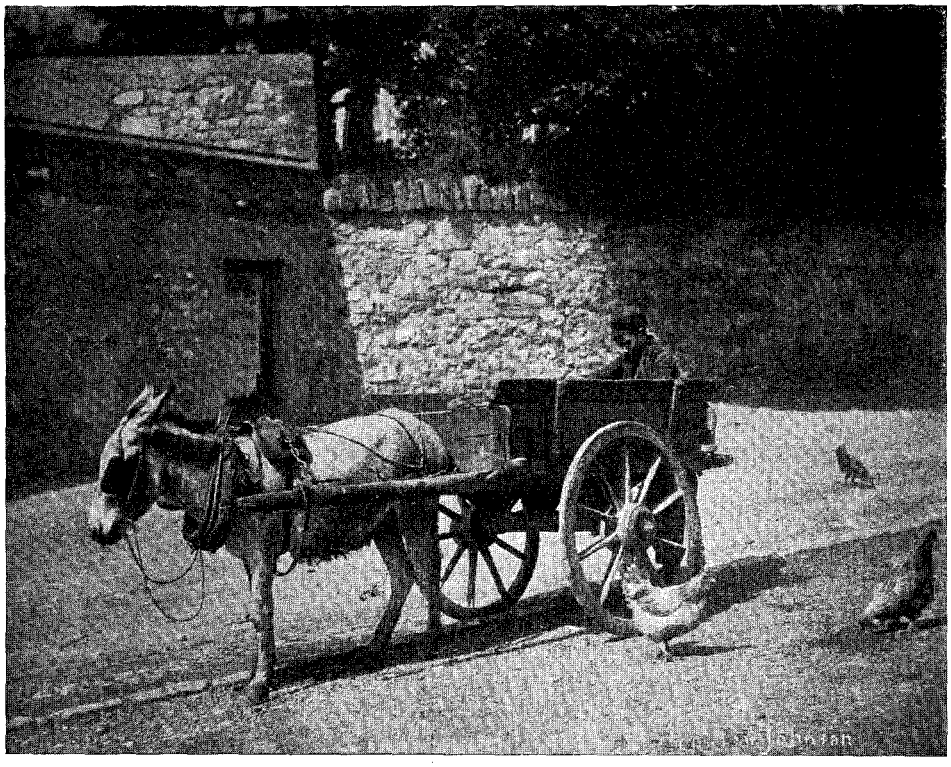

A PEDDLER

dle class in the village—only "swells and the laborers;" and the dwellings seemed to bear out his statement; for they were either the retiring homes of gentlefolk, with lawns and shrubbery about, shut away from the gaze of the street-passers by high stone walls; or the barren little cottages of the peasantry. The cottages congregated thickest along a small stream that ran through the village center. Many of them had thatch roofs, often weedy and green-mossed. With their weak and leaky roofs and their untidy surroundings, the cottages had a painful air of dilapidation. Several dogs were lazing about the doorways scratching at the fleas that infested their scrawny coats. One of them that looked rather younger and brighter than the rest was sitting on a bag in front of a cottage. This luxury of having a seat suggested that he was the household pet, and, by way of introducing myself to the woman of the house, I remarked, "That's a nice dog you have."

"He's more than nice—he's good," was her proud response.

I had not intended my words to be taken too literally, and I did not pursue the subject further, but looked into the woman's cottage. It had a rough and not overclean dirt floor. The walls were of rudely plastered stones, partly hidden, as was the ceiling, by newspapers pasted together, forming a queer sort of tapestry. It was a tiny room, yet there were in it two rickety beds, some scantily filled shelves of crockery, several chairs, and various other household belongings. Not much spare standing room was left.

The hens of the neighborhood wandered in and out of the cottage doors, and with the other fowls held conventions around the house-fronts, very much as they pleased. While I was looking in at the living-room of the woman who owned a "good" dog, a boy drove up a flock of turkeys. They stopped in front of the cottage, and the woman came out with a pan of feed. She knelt down before them and doled out the food in a way that was very sociable, and at the same time gave a smart rap every once in a while at her neighbor's ducks that showed a tendency to steal up and grab for a share.

The cottage dwellers had no water-supply in their homes, but went for it either to the convenient stream or to an iron pump in the middle of the street. The women were mostly frowzy-headed and slovenly, and the children were ragged and dirty. But the little folk

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ON THE STREET

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were decidedly piquant and interesting. They had not the shyness of English children, and were very ready to talk with me. They showed a good deal of volubility, and the spirit of investigation.

I saw one little drama of child life that illustrates the methods of child-training in general vogue in Ireland—methods not unknown in some other parts of the world. It took place in a field back of a cottage where two venerable goats were feeding. In the shadow of the cottage stood a woman waiting for a child who had crawled through the hedge at the far side of the field, and now came running toward her with a bottle hugged tight in its arms. I suppose the child was returning from some errand. Then, in the middle of the field, there was a false step, a tumble, and a smash of glass. The mother started forward and picked up a switch, and the child got up whining and began edging away, while the goats looked on in long-whiskered surprise. The nearer the mother came, the more the little one dodged, and presently the child took to its heels and ran back of the house, with its mother after it.

Donkey-carts were the most frequent vehicles seen on the Raheny streets. Both carts and donkeys seemed very small, and when a grown man or a woman sat perched on the seat the size of the rider seemed quite disproportionate to that of the cart and the creature which drew it. But the donkeys were sober beasts, and apparently were contented with their lot, though I did see one pulling a cart with two young men in it up a hill, and braying in a manner distinctly alarming and protesting. One donkey, with a lad in charge, was drawing a load of sour-smelling distillery waste about the village. The stuff looked like wet sawdust, but the boy said it was barley, and that he sold it a pailful at a time to feed hens and pigs.

HUNGRY

Both the village schools were under Gov-

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ernment supervision, but one was conducted under Protestant auspices and the other was controlled by the Catholics. The Protestant building was neat and modern, while the Catholic school-house was dismal and old-fashioned. It was low and broad, with gray plaster walls. Within were two rooms—one for the boys, one for the girls—each in charge of a separate teacher. The girls' room was nearest the street, and the door was open. I had never visited an Irish school, and with this temptation before me I went in.

Thirty or forty scholars were present, between the ages of four and twelve. The room was of fair size, with grimy, whitewashed walls and long, unpainted benches. Near the entrance was a small, much-battered organ and a table for the teacher's use, behind which was the room's one chair. The table drawers were gone, and it was as cheap and shaky a specimen of a table as I have ever seen. The thin, middle-aged woman who presided over the school politely offered me the one chair as soon as I entered the room, and I carelessly accepted, and nearly lost my balance sitting down in it, for the chair toppled sidewise in a manner to suggest that it had only three legs. I braced myself accordingly, and as soon as the teacher turned away I took advantage of the opportunity to slide my hand back and investigate. The fourth leg was there, after all, and the only trouble was that it was an inch short at the bottom, making it a sort of primitive rocker.

The teacher gave all her time to entertaining me, and turned the school over to three of her oldest pupils. One section was a double semicircle of infants at the back of the room, picking out words on a wall chart. They were aided in their efforts by the girl monitor, armed with a long stick which was intended for a pointer, but which she did not confine strictly to that use. This girl was nervously disposed, and when a child missed and had to go to the foot she would take it by the shoulders and push it along to its new place. If a child's answer came too slowly, she would brisken its ideas by a tap from her stick. Once, when one of her charges was out of order, she gave the delinquent a slap with her hand.

Another section of the school sat in a group among the seats, and the girl who acted as their teacher stood facing them between a bench and desk.

The third section stood about a girl who sat on a bench at the side of the room with her back against the wall. She was eating a lunch, and the children in her care, with slates in their hands, were doing "sums." On the whole, the scene was very easy-going, social, and domestic, but I was not impressed that they were making any very determined progress in the acquisition of knowledge. As for the children's school surroundings, they were rather cheerless and depressing. The only attempt at brightness was a row of colored prints that the teacher had pinned up on the wall.

After a time I carefully rose from my crippled chair and bade the teacher "Good-day," with the intention of paying a visit to the boys' room. I went around to the other side of the building and rapped. No response. I rapped again, and got no more attention than before. I could see the children through the keyhole, but there was such a clatter of voices and buzz of lips inside that, though I rapped two or three times more, I did not make myself heard. This was too much, and I abandoned them to their uproar and came away.

I thought, from what I saw of the village, that Raheny held plenty of raw material for a writer who made peasant life her field in fiction, and it seemed odd that Miss Barlow should neglect this for distant Connemara. Miss Barlow's home is about five minutes' walk from the station, in what is known as "The Cottage." As you approach it, you glimpse over the street wall that intervenes a long thatched roof overhung by tree-foliage. I wondered if it could be that Miss Barlow lived under that humble thatch. After all, it would not be out of keeping, considering the subjects she chooses to write of and the quiet manner in which she tells her stories. But a little further on I came to a mildly imposing gateway, with a little shadowed lodge at one side. A tidy driveway led to a near mansion. It was not a pretentious mansion, but just of comfortable size, with a homelike air about its vine-clad walls that was attractive. The structure was rather unusual. It began near the street with the low thatched cottage, which was followed in the middle by a larger and more recent structure, while at the rear it rose in a modern dwelling of comparatively imposing proportions. It was like some slow vegetable growth pushing out successively into newer and larger forms, or as if here was a house with its own father and grandfather under its protection on the ancestral grounds.

The cottage section of the house is incon-

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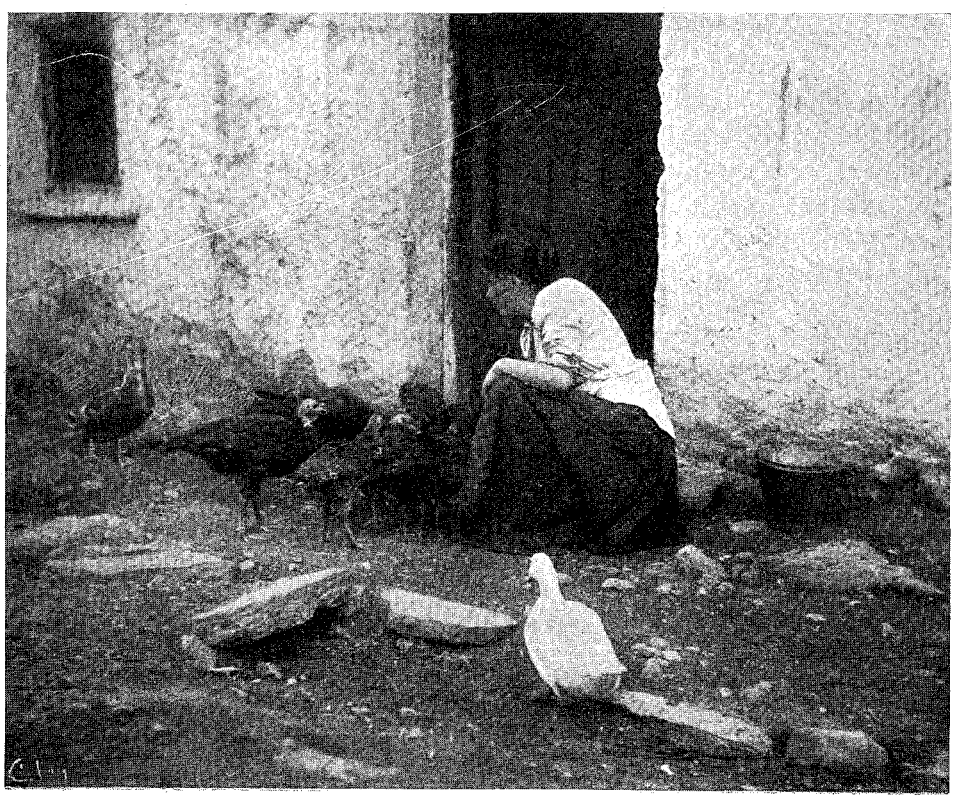
venient, but its age and associations protect it. Miss Barlow acknowledges a good deal of fondness for it, and pains are taken to get it rethatched when the roof gets bad. The thatch, in the accumulation of many renewals, has grown to a ponderous thickness, and makes the cottage look like some vast mushroom. There were holes in the roof torn by rats and birds that build their nests in it, and a young plane-tree had shot up from one of its depressions to a height of two feet.

Indoors the house is what any gentleman's of moderate means might be, except that the upstairs parlor is given a church-like air by a pipe-organ filling one end of the room. This is used by Professor Barlow, the author's father. Besides the father there are five boys and two girls in the family, all grown up, and all single and living at home. In the view of the station-master they are very nice people, and "not swells, if they do belong to the gentry."

The station-master had read some of Miss Barlow's books, and he was quite appreciative; for he said she "got the talk of the Connemarese fine." One of the village women with whom I talked, and who said she frequently did scrubbing at the Barlows', spoke, as did the station-master, warmly of the family, and agreed with him about the merits of Miss Jane's books. The comment of these two critics was not praise that meant they caught the atmosphere and delicate flavor of the stories, but which showed that the facts and the way the folk talked in the printed pages was correct.

The stories make the same impression on the stranger who has never seen the country, and as he reads he feels that Miss Barlow understands the peasant ways and their thought and conversation in every detail. I was curious to know how she acquired this minute knowledge. It seems that the family took a house one season and lived for a summer on the Connemara coast, and it was then that Miss Barlow absorbed the impressions of local color and character which she uses in her stories with such fidelity. One would suppose she must have been very intimate with the people themselves, she gives such full reports of their work, their homes, and their speech; but this was not the case. What she knows she has gained mostly from outside observation, and the rest is imagination of a high order.



FEEDING THE TURKEYS

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The Theological Problem for To-Day[1]

By the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D.

THE strange thing that confronts one almost everywhere to-day is the absence of theology in the supreme sense of that word. For all thinking men who are in any measure open to the new light and spirit of our time, Calvinism as an adequate interpretation of the ways of God with men, or even as a working philosophy in life, is forever gone. And thus far nothing equally elaborate and commanding has arisen to take its place. There has been a great negation of one theology, without, in the deepest sense, an equally great affirmation of another. We can imagine a parallel. We can imagine the explosion and rejection of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy without the introduction into the vacant place of the Copernican. That the sun and planets do not revolve round the earth we can suppose that men have become absolutely certain; that this little globe of ours is not the center of the universe is clear; that what are called sunrise and sunset are but appearances can no longer be doubted. But nothing further is settled. No map of the heavens to replace the old one has yet been made. No scheme of the real center and movements of the planetary system has yet been elaborated. Nothing exists but single thoughts, isolated discoveries, promising insights that so far have not been wrought over into one comprehensive and sovereign conception. The old astronomy, with its appeal to sense and its wonderful hold upon the popular imagination, is gone, and the new, in anything like scientific shape, has not arrived.

If we can imagine the men of the fifteenth century as having lost Ptolemy without having found Copernicus, we shall have a parallel for the condition of things in theology to-day. In proof of this statement, I ask you to recall the chief fields of theological interest at the present time. History, criticism, interpretation—of these we have an unprecedented supply. The annals of the race, literary and institutional, secular and religious, have been read with an eagerness, an intelligence, and with the application of scientific methods absolutely unparalleled. The text, the composition, the times and environments of the Old Testament and the New have been the subject of amazing and fruitful activity. The same is true of the entire history of the Christian Church. And antiquity as the source of beginnings has wielded a wonderful fascination over thousands of scholars. Upon history, criticism, interpretation, the representative library of to-day is full of new books, and one can have nothing but praise for the splendid achievement embodied in them. The limitation, however, is strikingly obvious. One looks almost in vain for books giving an elaboration into coherent and commanding form of the new ideas by which Christian men are living. The new ideas lie in our life with the most confusing and provoking miscellaneousness. We cry out for order. The house of faith must be rebuilt; and for the last five and twenty years scholars the world over have done nothing but collect materials. David was allowed to make a contribution to the house of the Lord for his time, but he was not permitted to build it, because he had been a man of war and had shed much blood. It may be that a similar prohibition, for a similar reason, has been served upon the critical scholars of our time. They have been men of war; they have shed much blood; and if they should construct an edifice for faith, perhaps the generation still smarting under the wounds it has received might refuse to enter. Others may think that the parallel to these historical scholars is Saul and not David. It is because of compromise with an evil system, because of foolish unwillingness to shed more blood, that they have lost their throne. At all events, the house of faith remains to be built. We have materials in abundance, old and new, but the building is not in sight. If any man shall say, We need none, because we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, he is simply mistaking the eternal pattern in the mount for the tabernacle below that it is still incumbent upon the spiritual intelligence to raise for the service and solace of all the journeying children of God. Books on theology proper, works dealing with ideas and organizing them

[1] An address delivered at the Jubilee Anniversary of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Thursday, November 11,

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into a great and commanding whole, are lamentably few. It is so much easier to dig than to construct, to be intellectual hod-carriers than to be architects and builders of the habitation of the spirit.

A further confirmation of this contention may be had from a national instance. Five and twenty years ago Calvinism was dominant from one end of Scotland to the other. To-day it is dominant nowhere; it has, indeed, been utterly outgrown and left behind. What has effected this great change? Chiefly the new Biblical scholarship, and not philosophical thinking. Professor Davidson, of Edinburgh, that quiet, shrewd, fascinating, resistless old scholar and maker of scholars, is behind it all. His greatest pupil, Dr. W. Robertson Smith, made an epoch in the national life of Scotland by his learning, and not by any departure from Calvinism. Others have risen up and carried forward the work that he, with so much ability and courage, inaugurated. Hundreds of young leaders are to-day spreading the light. A corresponding movement has been running, during most of this time, in New Testament interpretation. For years Professor A. B. Bruce, revered as a great teacher of the New Testament, as much in America as in Great Britain, was almost a solitary light. Now he is the center of an ever-growing brotherhood of like-minded men. The thing to be noted is that in the accomplishment of this wonderful revolution in the belief of a nation very little purely theological thinking has appeared. The light has come in through history, criticism, exegesis; the old scheme has been expelled by a new body of knowledge, and a fresh mass of nobler religious feeling. Still, it must be said that in Scotland to-day there is really no philosophical theology, no theory of Christianity and man's religious life worked out in fundamental opposition to the rejected Calvinism. Scotland waits for a theology to fill the vacant throne.

The same thing meets us at home. How many diligent, learned, and brilliant workmen we have in fields that pass under the general name of theology it would be impossible to say. Nor would it be possible to do them too much honor. All our theological schools, or nearly all, are centers of fresh and fruitful activity; many of our colleges and universities are in touch with the same spirit. But the movement has hardly got beyond the question of literature. It is the work of the scholar rather than the thinker; it is the gathering of knowledge rather than the organization of ideas. No one can value too highly these preliminaries, but preliminaries should have a tendency to become finals, tributaries should at least move onward toward the main stream, the interests of the scholar should merge at length in the greater interest of the thinker. And although untold good must continue to come, in many ways and for many ends, from Biblical scholarship, it is at least questionable if we have not already reached the permanent conception of the nature and office of the Holy Scriptures. They are simply the supreme literature of the religious life, and their authority, as in the teachings of Christ, is the authority of the highest of their kind. Historical criticism is, after all, a matter of environment; the content of the Bible, the word of God there, is the object of the enlightened human spirit. We need no longer delay our new building era on account of the Bible. Its hewn stones resting upon the chief corner-stone are already here and in place.

The absence of a theology giving intellectual form and justification to the better sentiment of the time is abundantly visible in our ministry. Among almost all our effective preachers the sympathies are modern; but in the greater number the theology is either ancient or non-existent. In either case, the mass of prevailing emotion and practical activity has no corresponding body of ideas in league with it. The scheme entertained is usually some decrepit modification of the Calvinistic kind, too long idle for effective service, with the courage but without the capacity for battle; while the purposes, sentiments, and practical outlooks are all of this new and greater day. We are full of joy so long as we are permitted to feel with these brethren; but the moment we hear them speak their philosophy, our bewilderment is like that of the patriarch of old. The hands are the hands of Esau; so far, so good. But the voice is the voice of Jacob; here comes in the endless confusion. How often does one see the old theology unconsciously dressing itself up in the garments of the new, with unreflecting simplicity covering the parts that would surely give it away, and advancing guilelessly in borrowed enthusiasms and simulated loves to obtain dominion over the blind. The success is but for the moment; the old supplanting character cannot long be concealed.

Now, the chief theological necessity for to-

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day I take to be the rebuilding of the edifice of Christian belief. We need a temple for the intelligence. We need fundamental and ruling ideas set in the strength of their own natural order. We need an intellectual-basis for the new faith, passion, and enterprise of the Church of Christ in our time. As will be seen, I can indicate but a single line of thought upon this vast subject. Christian thinkers are under bonds to find in God the secure foundation for all human interests, the assurance of a divine intention and grace adequate to the need and capacity of mankind. We must first of all command the point where the life of Christianity itself is involved. And this is the point whose importance the entire history of Plymouth Church illustrates, in support of which it has stood these fifty years, and round which has toiled, with prophetic insight, magnificent insistence, and beneficent results to the whole country, the genius both of its first minister and its second.

1. Calvinism is right in its claim that the being of God is the supreme interest both in theology and life. This is the note of greatness, sounding clearer as the generations pass, in the thought of Augustine, Calvin, and Edwards. Jonathan Edwards, because of his devouring passion for God as the absolutely perfect, is bright with an everlasting light. The new movement in theology, conscious as it is of revolutionary intent, is here at one with all true theology. It aims to behold all things in God. Its hope is to begin, continue, and end in God. Its source in all its genuine representatives is the aboriginal necessity of the human soul: "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God."

But Christian thinkers are learning that there are two great abuses of this sublime passion. Willingness to be damned for the glory of God may be the sign of a humble spirit; but it is in reality the supreme insult to God. For it assumes that the glory of God and the weal of man are incompatible interests. To exalt God so high as to banish him from the world is a terrible error. To refuse to see God in the natural life of men is to take the first step toward atheism. For a God wholly above the world-process, wholly apart from the normal interests of men, wholly transcendent, is practically no God at all. In Carlyle's phrase, such a God "does nothing," and for human beings he is nothing. This is the inevitable outcome of the belief that makes God too good to be in the world, that makes the world too wicked to have the presence of God in it. The other abuse is one peculiar to our century. It lies in identifying God with the development of human history, in refusing to see that God is at the same time in all and over all.

Against this twofold error of a God wholly above the world, and a God completely one with its process, the theology for to-day must do battle. The acorn falls into the ground. The plan of the tree is there. That plan lives in the acorn, and yet transcends it. It bursts the acorn in the soil, runs it out into new and wondrous forms, drives it up through the earth, sends it higher and higher, and through the discipline of a thousand years it struggles to live more and more in the tree. And when the tree has come to its best; when it is deepest in the earth, highest in the air, and widest in the sweep of its great arms, the ideal of the tree still looks beyond. The wondrous product still falls short of perfection, and therefore the plan is still a beautiful excess even upon the tree at its best. This is the Christian idea of God. He is in the organism of humanity from the first. It is he that sends the race into all its growths. It is he that gives man ideals, and that fills his heart with achieving power. It is he that brings men into families that grow sweeter with the centuries; that sets these families in nations that slowly ascend in character; that moves the nations into wider federations of trade and art and science; that lights up the future with the dream of universal brotherhood; that compels the race to leave more and more of its brutehood behind it; and that, with a sublime insistence, urges it on upon the full realization of its humanity. We have an indwelling God, a God whose indwelling is the fountain of our whole character and hope. But we have a God above and beyond the process of human society, a God whose character is an eternal excess upon human history, a God who can never live wholly in man because he is so infinitely great in wisdom and love for man. God lives eternally in his own plan, in his own ideal, in his own love. He lives for himself because he represents in himself the inconceivable good in reserve for mankind. Thus we must strive to combine in our thought of God the primary truth in Calvinism, the infinite exaltation of God, and the fundamental insight of our century, God's presence in all human history.

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2. I have said that Calvinism is profoundly right in concentrating human interest upon God. It is right in its fundamental contention concerning God. The final thing in the universe is the Divine Will. Calvinism is wrong, grievously wrong, in the character that it ascribes to that ultimate Will. If that Will be against the greater part of mankind, as Calvinism declares, nothing can long keep us from despair; but if that Will be for us, as a true theology must contend, who can be against us? The fundamental position of the traditional theology does not admit a God for mankind. The new superstructure of sentiment cannot stand upon the old theological basis. The scheme of salvation which has, with a few noble exceptions, prevailed in the Church from the days of Augustine to the present time, the theory against which Henry Ward Beecher revolted, and which he fought with the power of a world-shaker, never dreamed of God as seriously caring for all mankind. There was antiquity, but only the Hebrew people were of concern to God. A few great souls might possibly be recovered from the general wreck, like Cyrus and Socrates, Plato and Plutarch, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius; but, as a whole, antiquity did not lie in the gracious purpose of God. It had died to him in Adam, and he had not even cared to try to make it live to him in Christ. There were the nations contemporaneous with the Christian Church in its development. They were material from which a selection was made; but as nations, as communities of human beings, they were not included in God's moral regard for the world. There were the heathen peoples, the belated rear-guard of mankind, the millions who had been obstructed in the onward march, detained in the swamps fighting the beast in its earlier and uglier forms. In the dust and heat of this modern day they began to roll in sight. What was to be thought concerning them? Again the same scheme was applied. Their entire past was regarded as godless; the myriads of their predecessors, those whom these races looked upon as heroic and pious ancestors, had gone irrevocably to their doom. These peoples themselves are but fresh material for the selective purpose of the Highest; and through the message of the missionary he will choose whom he will, and reject whom he will. The old theology had two superlative merits; it was honest, and it was courageous. It did not try to appear other than the terrible partialism that it was. It did not shrink from the avowal of its own logic.

That is the scheme which has fallen from the control of the Church, and to whose vacant throne no contrasted conception of equal thoroughness and vigor has yet come. And it is precisely this ultimate origin of the new theology to which I would turn attention. The new scheme is not founded upon sentiment; it is not the product of benevolent dreamers; it is not held blindly in spite of human nature, the movement of history, the spirit of the New Testament, the order of the moral world, the heart of the universe. The old scheme was great in its confidence that the facts were on its side and against the nobler view. Nothing could be further from the truth. The older theology saw the sternness of life, but it did not understand Paul's exclamation, "Behold the goodness and the severity of God!" Its hopeless outlook upon the world was due to limitation of vision. As Phillips Brooks has taught us in one of his noblest sermons, it is easy to curse life if only a part is seen. Balak was shrewd enough to see that if Balaam was to find himself able to curse Israel, he must look upon the part, the utmost part, the wretchedest part, and not upon the magnificent whole.

3. The theology for to-day must found itself upon the will of God, and upon the will of God at its highest. When we look for God in the cosmic order, we can do little until we find man there. Man, as the crown of the cosmic process, shows that process at its best, shows what lies behind it all. When we look for God in man, we do little until we find Christ, the Ideal Man. In Christ man the creature is at his best, and God the Creator is at his best. The Incarnation is the center of all sane theology. Man at his best can alone give us God at his best. To this issue the supreme divinity of Christ comes. Jesus took the Infinite at his best; that is, he took God as he was in his Son. Unless we look at his model, the genius of the architect can be known only from his building; and his character will share in the confusion of the process. Unless we look at Christ, the typal man, we can judge the Maker of our human world only by what we see. And only when God shall have made the pile complete can our judgment be final. Therefore we build upon Christ as the sublime anticipation of perfected humanity, as the archetypal man standing complete in the confusion of the great historic construction, and giving us

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through man at his best God at his best. We must therefore revise all other revelations of God in nature, in the constitution of man, in human history, and in the Holy Scriptures themselves, by the light that falls from the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Nothing must be allowed to contradict the essential meaning of the Incarnation. It stands for the eternal goodness of God in the inexpressible sternness of the process of history. If the Incarnation is not to be lost from faith, if the mission of Christ is not to be reduced to a delusion, if Christianity is not to be contracted into the religion of a sect, the saving purpose of God in Christ must be made to cover the race

It is true that this principle is revolutionary. The affirmation that God has a Christian purpose toward our entire humanity involves an extension of the field of redemption so enormous as to make obsolete, at a single stroke, the whole theological map of the traditional view. And what seems worse, while all clear-seeing men are aware that this does not necessarily imply universal salvation, it is true that it looks that way. *If God shall succeed*, universal salvation will be the final result. And this sounds so perilous to good morals, and seems to cut the nerve of all strenuous endeavor! O my brothers, when will Christian thinkers fear atheism more than universalism, when will they see that the deepest immorality lies in distrust of the righteous will of God, when will they awake to the fact that only those who believe in a God for humanity and eternally for humanity can resist unto blood! Any scheme that puts God with an inclusive and everlasting purpose of redemption behind mankind, looks like universalism; but let us remember that any other scheme is, in our time, a royal road to atheism. When we assert, as we do so easily, the brotherhood of man, let us be sure that the universe, according to our view, is not against it; let us be sure that there is in God a universal fatherhood upon which to found it.

4. One more specification must be made. Where in the new scheme of theological thought does the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit come in? About no other truth of the Christian faith is there, among good people, so much serious and profound conviction and so much vagueness. Still, every Christian heart knows when its treasure is rightly named. It knows when the point is met and when it is missed. It will not accept a stone for bread, nor a scorpion for an egg. The philosophical idea of the immanence of God is not the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit. The life of God in the souls of the Hebrew prophets and in the hearts of the outside saints, as Dr. Bushnell calls them, the divine indwelling represented by the ethnic religions at their best, or by the Hebrew faith at its highest, is not what the disciple of Christ means when he speaks of the Holy Spirit. There is indeed a profound identity in the two experiences, but there is a difference equally profound. God is the same God, and yet the Christian revelation brings to light the hidden character of God. The Christian conception of God as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is so ineffably great that God looks through it upon the believer, and comes through it in upon the heart of the individual and the Church in ways and measures and powers altogether new.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is the coming of the life of the God and Father of Jesus Christ. God as he comes through the historic Christ, as he finds the form of his coming in Christ, as he is seen and felt and experienced through Christ, is the Holy Spirit of our faith. The Christian idea of the Holy Spirit is inseparable from the Christian thought of Christ. A supreme historic character reveals the ineffable love of God, and continues the everlasting form of God for the Christian mind, the channel along which God evermore comes to the Christian heart, the atmosphere through which God in his light and grace comes and lives in the Christian life.

It is indeed the Christian God who made the heavens and the earth, who made our world the abode of life, who filled life with ceaseless aspiration and endowed it with the force that through ascending forms seeks its consummation in man. It is the Christian God who made all men of one blood, who left no people altogether without witness of himself, who through lower religions and higher has spoken to the human soul, who has given man a moral nature, an ideal of fellowship in the family and in the total interests of existence, who has constituted our humanity in his own image, smitten it with an immortal hunger for himself, and moved upon it from the beginning in the tides of his love. It is the Christian God who has made our human world and the universe in which it is set; but men did not know it and could not know it until Christ

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came. The immanent God is known in Christ as our Father; but not until he is thus known can we date the coming of the Holy Spirit. The Pentecostal vision of God, and life and power under God, were mediated by the good Jesus Christ. Because he is the final and perfect mediator of God, we know God as the Holy Spirit. Therefore is the Holy Spirit the Christian Indweller, the Christian Comforter. He is the light of the Christian intelligence, the strength of the Christian will, the rapture of the Christian heart, the Ineffable in the Christian life. He is the reserve of God bestowed alone upon those who look to him through our Master, Christ.

Here, then, is the issue of all that I have said to-night. I have insisted upon a metaphysical insight, an ethical faith, a historical fact, and a supreme experience. I have contended for the insight that finds a God in all and over all; for the faith that holds to the absolute goodness of the Infinite Will; for the historical fact that becomes the supreme interpretation both of the divine intention and human capacity; and for the exalted experience in which all truth finds its field and power. Immanence and transcendence must meet in the nature of the Ineffable God, the righteousness of God must come to sovereign expression in the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the prophetic character of the Incarnation must advance toward fulfillment in the Christian life. The metaphysical insight must issue in the ethical faith, both insight and faith must find verification in the history of Jesus Christ, and upon this must begin the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, the perpetual coming of the Christian God in the life of mankind.

For the individual the message from the theology here indicated is that salvation is righteousness. Whatever truth there may be in the ideas of imputation, substitution, vicarious sacrifice—and I am glad to be able to see a world of noble meaning in them—they do not in any way conflict with the fact that righteous character, and nothing else, is salvation; that character is the achievement of the personal will; that it can be won, in the deepest sense, only by the soul for itself; that God himself cannot bestow it except through the agony and bloody sweat of the human spirit. The path of eternal life is the path of anguish; tears are its meat day and night while it hears the world cry, "Where is thy God?" The stress of heart in the soul that is gaining new standing in the truth, winning new interests in the kingdom of God, and making new advances upon righteousness cannot be put into words. There are none but heroic feet upon that stairway of fire. Idlers and pretenders, soft and luxurious lives, have no place in that awful but blessed process. Salvation for the moral shirk, while he remains a shirk, God in his mercy has made forever impossible.

But this is not the final word. To the question shot upward from the hearts of the brave in the strenuousness and seeming impossibility of the righteous life, Is God for us or against us? there must be but one answer. We must not make God responsible for the continuance of iniquity. We must define sin as resistance to the realization of the righteous purpose of God in the soul. God is against the race only when it is against itself; and in that case his wrath is his mercy. God is on the side of every man who sets his heart on righteousness. The deepest in human nature, in human society, in human history, in the course of the world, in the on-going universe, makes for the seeker after righteousness. The stars in their courses fight for the man who contends for a pure heart; and to every soul face to face with the tremendousness of the moral process the sublime comfort comes, "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Bible Study for Women

We have received the following communication from the American Institute of Sacred Literature (Chicago):

The American Institute, whose work has had so wide an influence upon the Bible Study in special Christian organizations, has entered a new field this year—that of Woman's Clubs. Some good work in this line was done last year in a few clubs, and a larger work is to be attempted at once. The wonder is that so few Woman's Clubs have thought of the Bible as an appropriate field of study and investigation. Nine-tenths of all the Bible teachers in the land are women, and it is safe to say that not more than one-tenth of these have had other than Sunday-school preparation for their work.

By some clubs the objection will be brought that Biblical study brings up doctrinal questions upon which there is a wide difference of opinion, and discussions which destroy the unity of the club are aroused. This has not been found to be the case in the clubs which have tried the work as prepared by the American Institute. Such emphasis is laid upon essentials and upon lines along which there is substantial agreement that dissensions are forgotten. A little pamphlet describing what has been done in Biblical study in two large clubs—one in the East, the other in the West—has just been issued by the Institute.

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The Books mentioned under this head include those received by The Outlook during the week ending November 19. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Mr. Frederic Harrison is on record as saying that there is no romance in modern life; judged by the standards, adventures, achievements, and vicissitudes of the life of the great Prince of Orange, whose history he relates in the latest volume of the "Foreign Statesmen" series, *William the Silent* (The Macmillan Company, New York), we should say that Mr. Harrison's complaint of the utilitarian tranquillity of these times is justifiable. For certainly the story of William the Silent's life, in each of its three phases, personal, political, and domestic, is as adventurous and romantic as the most devoted reader of "A Prisoner of Zenda," "A Gentleman of France," or "St. Ives" could ask, and as utterly unlike that of a great statesman or soldier of to-day as could possibly be imagined. Born to one of the greatest estates and the highest nobility of his time, and an aristocrat in every fiber of his being, he became the illustrious founder of the present kingdom of Holland, not by casting his lot with the ruling powers of his age, but by sincerely espousing the cause of liberty. He was married for the first time at eighteen and for the fourth time at fifty years of age; at twenty-two he was commander-in-chief of an army of 20,000 men; a man of religious spirit, he began life as a devout Catholic and died a devoted Protestant; he was notable as a man of the world living in royal style among royal personages, as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a reformer; he possessed the energy and fearlessness of Luther, but also the refinement and charm of person which Luther had not; he had the horror of brutal revolution which characterized Erasmus, but the singleness of purpose and the devotion to a cause which Erasmus lacked; he died the victim of an assassin's bullet when only fifty-one years of age, a martyr in the cause of religious liberty and political freedom. All this Mr. Harrison tells us in his compact volume, which, as might have been expected, is written in a style sedate and dignified yet straightforward, interesting, and at times absorbing. It is a matter of no small satisfaction to the American reader to have Mr. Harrison frankly and prominently refer to the lately published life of William the Silent by Miss Ruth Putnam, of New York, as "the most recent, most elaborate, and most scholarly work on this period."

Mr. John R. Spears's important *History of Our Navy* is reserved for later notice. Suffice it to say at present that the work is admirably printed in four volumes, with over four hundred illustrations, diagrams, and maps, and covers our navy's history from its origin to the present day. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——Another work having to do with our navy will appeal to young and old lovers of sea stories. It is by Mr. James Barnes, and is entitled *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) It is well illustrated by Messrs. Zogbaum and Chapman. The book comprises fourteen spirited tales of the War of 1812.

Two excellent biographical works are reserved for further notice. The first is Canon Knox Little's *St. Francis of Assisi*, a conscientious and reverent study which will compel attention even though it follows closely upon M. Sabatier's more noteworthy and magisterial treatment. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) The second is the Rev. Dr. D. S. Schaff's biography of his father. *The Life of Philip Schaff* will appeal mostly to those professionally interested in the opinions of the notable church historian, but it may be read with profit by others. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

LITERATURE

The new edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, which includes not only his entire poetic work but "A Backward Glance o'er Traveled Roads," has been at last published in a dignified and attractive form. The new edition is a substantial octavo, with a page broad enough to take in Whitman's long lines, with a handsome title-page, with a number of portraits of the poet, the whole bound with a flat back, in green, with appropriate designs in gilt. What Whitman needs more than almost any other poet of his

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time is judicious and thoroughly intelligent editing. If his work were put in compacter form, and those parts of it omitted which ought not, on grounds of taste or of art, to be included in it, there is little doubt that his circle of readers would be very much enlarged. Those who wish, however, to know Whitman in his entirety, as well as those who rank him among the most original of American poets, will not be satisfied with anything less than a complete edition of his work, and such an edition is now within reach.

Professor W. E. Mead, of Wesleyan University, has made a volume of *Selections from Sir Thomas Malory's Morte Darthur* for the Athenæum Press Series. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) He has supplied a long and valuable introduction, which sums up in compact fashion what literary scholarship has discovered with regard to these remarkable stories. Professor Mead also traces the modern attempts by various prose and verse writers to deal with this material.

A volume of literary studies which deserves careful reading is Mary Fisher's *A Group of French Critics* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), an interpretation and characterization of the work of Scherer, Bersot, Girardin, Doudan, and Gustave Planche. An admirable introduction, full of discrimination, intelligence, and sound literary instinct, puts the reader in the position to make the most of this account of a large section of modern French criticism; while a brief concluding chapter sums up the general principles which this group of critics enforces and illustrates. Those who are in the habit of associating modern French writing with the materialistic view of life and the realistic method will find themselves refreshed and encouraged by the vigorous protest of men like Scherer and other French critics against the dominance of these elements in French literature in recent years. Those who follow that literature with care have, of course, known that from the beginning the realistic school has been only a school; that its authority has always been questioned and its influence limited; but it has had such vigor and so much ability has been at its command that many foreigners, who take French literature at second hand, have come to feel as if that literature were entirely under the control of men like Taine and Zola. The history of the French criticism of the last thirty years is an inspiring story of steady and able protest against what seemed to be dominant tendencies.

EDUCATIONAL

The American College in American Life, by President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, is a book of real value embodying the results of a most indefatigable investigation of the historical and statistical material bearing upon its subject. It is a eulogy, it is true, and contains some claims for the American college which a dispassionate public will not be disposed to concede. No one, for example, who is thoroughly informed regarding the growth and power of the Baptist and Methodist Churches in the West could indorse President Thwing's thesis regarding the dependence of churches upon the collegiate education of the ministry, and possibly few students of contemporary literature would feel that college graduates are so clearly in the ascendant in this field. Yet a dispassionate judgment of the value of college training is perhaps hardly to be expected from a man who is devoting his life to the work of a college president. Though he eulogizes the colleges, he is not blind to the present tendency toward luxurious living, and indeed brings out more strikingly than any one else has done the increase in the expensiveness of a college education in the Eastern colleges during the last two generations. At Yale, for example, the average expenses of a student in "the first year of the third decade" of this century were $175, while in 1893 they were $687.50. Tuition fees have increased very much in proportion to other expenses, and thus the sons of poor families, who formerly furnished the bulk of American students, find it increasingly difficult to avail themselves of the advantages of the increasing educational endowments. President Thwing's remedy for this evil is not the reduction of fees, as at Williams, or the making of the higher education free, as at the Western State institutions, but the doubling or trebling of tuition fees until they shall equal the entire cost of the education afforded, and the use of the revenues thus received to increase the number of charity students. Fortunately, few will agree with him. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. John Corbin has treated the interesting subject of *School-Boy Life in England* in a very interesting fashion, selecting as the types of secondary education in that country Winchester, Eton, and Rugby—three schools which represent scholarship, aristocracy, and the middle-class conscience, industry, and sen-

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timent. Mr. Corbin presents a great array of facts not readily accessible to the American reader, describing at length not only the educational but the disciplinary methods in different schools—their organization, the relations between the boys and masters, and the old-time traditions, customs, and manners of life in the different schools. He also pays very large attention to athletics. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

POETRY

Mr. John Vance Cheney has often contributed verse to the columns of The Outlook, and its readers are familiar with the qualities of his work. His new volume, *Out of the Silence* (Copeland & Day, Boston), is a model piece of book-making, and contains excellent literary work as well. Mr. Cheney has a delicate and sensitive fancy which responds to the poetic aspects of his surroundings, of daily life, and of the common experiences. His touch has a good deal of freedom, and his manner at times a good deal of spontaneity.

Mr. Richard E. Burton has followed his first tiny volume, "Dumb in June," with another more substantial volume, although still of very moderate compass, *Memorial Day and Other Poems*. (Copeland & Day, Boston.) Mr. Burton's work shows sincerity, directness, and no small literary skill. He has poetic feeling and sensitiveness of the imagination. He has not gone far in search of themes; they have come to him, and his work has, therefore, the note of reality, of health, and of promise. His favorite form is the brief lyric, but all his songs have the substance of thought in them.

NOVELS AND TALES

Mrs. Burnett has certainly done a bold and novel thing in retelling the plot of her "A Lady of Quality" in *His Grace of Osmonde*. And the strange part is that the best of the new book is this retelling of the old story from a different standpoint. We confess that he who is meant to be the central figure here, the young Duke, is quite too perfect a young nobleman to be human and natural. There are too many superlative qualities about him; he is too much a Greek god on a pedestal. The account of his personal life, his precocious childhood, gracious youth, and noble manhood, of his slight adventures in London and in the service of the Duke of Marlborough, fails to warm and interest the reader. Outside of this slight account of the Duke's life, the book is the story of Clorinda again, with the same moral-problem suggestion as in the earlier novel; but this story is now told with greater dignity and restraint, with less feverishness and rhapsody. The spirit and flavor of the early part of the eighteenth century (and the language also) are far better rendered. The marvelous Clorinda again changes in almost an instant from the reckless, swearing young termagant in boots and breeches to the sweetest and most womanly of creatures, who semi-accidentally kills the very villainous villain of the plot and thereafter lives a life of noble love and charity. Mrs. Burnett still seems to ask the insistent question, "Do you blame her?" when the real question to the reader is, "Do you believe in her?" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has often shown more humor than in *The Great Stone of Sardis*, but never greater ingenuity and inventive skill. The marvels of science half a century hence may probably differ from those Mr. Stockton assigns to that time, but they certainly cannot be stranger. The North Pole is visited by a submarine vessel, a light is found capable of penetrating for miles into the interior of the earth, and finally the center of that earth is discovered to be an enormous diamond. The imaginary science of the future is joined to the actual science of to-day in an extremely plausible way, and the story is cleverly worked out. The book is admirably illustrated by Peter Newell. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. John Fox, Jr.'s, long story, *The Kentuckians*, is not only the best piece of work he has yet done, but it is the most intelligent interpretation and explanation of the Tennessee mountaineer and of his character which has yet been made. From this point of view the story is of very high value, and from the literary point of view it is an admirable piece of work, full of close observation, accurate characterization, and written in an excellent style. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Crockett's latest story, *Lochinvar*, is not in his best vein. It is crowded with adventure—too crowded for the artistic working out of the plot or the effective disposition of the characters. Mr. Crockett is writing too much, and feels obliged to overtop himself in the way of supplying the unexpected and surprising incident. His work in this story shows strain. He has too much talent

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to waste it; he needs to take account of his literary material, to husband his resources, and to keep his methods harmonious with his better literary instinct and intelligence. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Just as it is announced that Pierre Loti is to resign his position as officer in the French navy and devote himself to literature, Messrs. R. F. Fenno & Co., of this city, send us his story of *Ramuntcho* in American dress. A somewhat shoddy appearance and an inadequate and often ridiculous translation rob the story of much of the charm of the French original; but in spite of these defects the skillful analysis of psychological processes, the vivid portrayal of conflicting moral motives, and the vivacious and picturesque descriptions of Basque life and customs engage and hold the reader's attention. On the whole, "Ramuntcho" confirms the judgment expressed by M. Ferdinand Brunetière in one of his recent New York lectures, that Loti deserves a high rank among contemporary French novelists.

Middleway, by Kate Whiting Patch, is a daintily published volume of "tales of a New England village"—too simple and nerveless, however, to stand the comparison, to which they are inevitably subjected, with similar sketches by Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, or with "Pratt Portraits," by Miss Anna Fuller, and "Meadowgrass," by Miss Alice Brown. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

If anything could be worse than the excess of Scotch dialect to which we despairingly alluded in these columns lately, it is this, which is culled from a great quantity of similar specimens in the pages of *Tales of the Real Gypsy*, by Paul Kester: "But mandy keks that the tawns tickinus, my little child, can't live by the help of the doctor, nor by yours. Oh, my chavi! miri bittu chavi! My Duvel atch pa tumende, my child, my little child, the Lord watch over you." We submit that page after page of this sort of thing warrants the assertion that the best part of the book is the Appendix, which, in four short chapters, contains some new, authoritative, and very interesting information about the Gypsies, of whom the total number in the world as a distinct and homogeneous race "is computed to be about five millions." Moreover, if the book does nothing more than to send its readers back to the inimitable and ever-refreshing George Borrow, it will have served a good mission.

A Spanish Maid, by L. Quiller Couch (*not*, be it noted, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch), is a gruesome, morbid, semi-supernatural tale which has no adequate excuse for existence, though it has at times some dramatic power. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Latimers, by Henry C. McCook, has a special interest in that it pictures the life of the Scotch-Irish pioneers of our frontier just after the Revolution. The "Whisky Insurrection" furnishes many of the incidents. As a novel, the book is too diffuse and too loosely constructed. (George W. Jacobs, Philadelphia.)——The same comment may justly be made on *A Hero in Homespun*, by W. E. Barton, a tale of loyalty in the Kentucky mountains in the Civil War. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

Vivette is a fanciful little collection of odd imaginings by Mr. Gelett Burgess. He evidently is influenced both consciously and unconsciously by Robert Louis Stevenson's style. A lover of niceties of style, however, should not write such sentences as "to which task I commend whatever originality and finesse of which you are capable." (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have republished the early volume of stories which had so much to do with Mr. Richard Harding Davis's rapid rise in popularity, *Gallegher and Other Stories*. They have also collected and published in uniform style five of his later stories under the title *Cinderella ana Other Stories*.

Adventure is the attractive title of the latest volume of "Tales from McClure." There are six of these tales, and the quality which gives them unity is suggested by the title. (Doubleday & McClure Company.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

An inviting title is that of *An Oregon Boyhood*, and its promise is pleasantly fulfilled by its author, the Rev. Louis A. Banks, in a description of hunting, fishing, camping, living in log cabins, and mountain-climbing, all as experienced by a boy a generation ago. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

This is emphatically the age of puzzles of all sorts and kinds, and Miss Charlotte B. Jordan's *Sphinx-Lore*, which is a collection of ingenuities, charades, anagrams, jingle puzzles, and other dexterities designed to sharpen the wits and quicken the perceptions, takes its place in a rapidly increasing literature. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

A collection of fairy tales written by Thomas

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Dunn English and published in various periodicals has been collected and published under the title of *Fairy Tales and Wonder Stories*, illustrated by Elizabeth S. Tucker. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.) Dr. English was a favorite writer for children fifty years ago, and these stories collected by Florence English Noll are as fresh in their spirit and style as though written to-day.

What motive a writer for children can have in introducing into a story, presumably for children, suggestions that must injure a child's innocence is incomprehensible. Dolf Wyllarde has used the heroine of his story, *A Lonely Little Lady*, to carry the love message of her mother to the man with whom she elopes. The whole tone of the story is low. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)—— The "Silver Gate Series" has received an addition in *The Happy Six*, by Penn Shirley. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) This is a sequel to "The Happy Five." The children of the story are just what the title calls them, a happy six on their way to Europe. The book has more incident than description.

A series of essays on ethical subjects has been written under the title of *Parables for Home and School*, by Wendell P. Garrison. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) The writer quotes Cotton Mather in his "Good Lessons for Children in Verse," "My proposal was to have the child improve in goodness at the same time that he improv'd in Reading," as the motive of his very interesting and instructive book, which is illustrated with photographic reproductions of noted pictures and statues.

The case of neglected children was never presented in a more delightful and encouraging manner than in the story of *Your Little Brother James*, by Caroline H. Pemberton. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.) It is the story of a street child who drifts into and out of reform schools until he is at last sent to a home in the country. The story is written with knowledge and sympathy.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

We are glad that the Rev. Dr. Charles Caverno has published his series of lectures delivered some years ago in Hershey Hall, Chicago, of which he says that they treat "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." They are put forth under the not particularly happy title of *Chalk Lines over Morals*. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) They are wise and pungent discussions of morals in relation to God, the Bible, miracle, immortality, spiritism, law, politics, divorce, capital, and labor.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anarchism: Its History and Theory, by E. V. Zenker, is a singularly dispassionate, scholarly, and able inquiry into this subject. While the author is perhaps not so much of a pioneer in this field as he imagines, he has nevertheless, with tireless zeal, collected, not only the writings about Anarchists, but the Anarchist writings themselves, and, having thoroughly studied them, he has fearlessly endeavored to present exactly the doctrines they teach. Unfortunately, his own fondness for philosophical terms often leads him to present these doctrines in the language of scholarship rather than those of common thought and literature, and in this way he has somewhat narrowed the audience he ought to reach. The author's attitude toward Anarchism is, of course, one of criticism, but sometimes, especially in his treatment of Proudhon and of Elisée Reclus, his admiration for the spirit of the men leads him to deal almost sympathetically with their teachings. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

In her comment upon the legends of the Holy Grail, upon Goethe's "Faust" and Balzac's "Seraphita," Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford has done a real service to literature, philosophy, and religion. Her three volumes entitled *The Message of the Mystics* (A. B. Stockholm & Co., Chicago) are eminently readable, whether one agrees or not with all her clever summaries and judgments concerning Chrestien de Troyes, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Tennyson, Wagner, Goethe, and Balzac.

H. A. Guerber, who has written, among other books, "The Stories of the Wagner Opera," has supplemented his earlier volume by *Stories of Famous Operas*, in which he outlines the plots of fifteen well-known operas. The volume is well printed, well made, and illustrated with portraits of composers and famous singers. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

With a Pessimist in Spain, by Mary F. Nixon, is a mixture in about equal parts of observed facts, facts taken from Baedeker, Murray, or some other similar source, and running comment of feminine gayety, not to say flippancy. The volume is illustrated with a number of excellent reproductions of interesting Spanish photographs. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

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The Religious World

The Methodist Episcopal Church Congress

The Methodist Congress which was held in Pittsburg November 21–26 had nothing to do with questions of polity, but confined itself "to issues bearing upon the thought and life of the people as affected by current scientific, social, and literary teachings." The subjects considered were all of vital interest, and treated by men of recognized ability and influence in the Church. So far as we can judge, the younger men were well at the front in the discussions. We make a few selections from some of the many admirable addresses. Speaking of revivals, while pleading for them when properly conducted, Professor D. W. Hayes, of Evanston, Illinois, said: "The revival worked up in two weeks will work itself out in less time." Professor G. A. Coe said that "the Church should not wait for Biblical research to wring a reluctant toleration from her, but let her be foremost in that very research." Professor E. J. Conklin "claimed that evolution is fully established. . . . It is no more atheistic to hold that species came originally according to the law of evolution than that individuals come into the world according to a law of development." Great interest attended Professor H. G. Mitchel's paper on "The New View of the Old Testament." "The remarkable fact was that in the discussion which followed the address, which was pronouncedly in favor of the Higher Criticism, there was no condemnation nor threats of excommunication." Although there was much difference of opinion, other addresses of power and great value were given by Professor J. W. Thomas, President B. P. Raymond, Dr. F. M. North, Professor R. W. Rodgers, Dr. A. W. Patten, Dr. C. H. Payne, Dr. H. K. Carroll, Dr. D. Dorchester, Jr., Dr. W. Caldwell, and Professor Baldwin. One other address we mention, that of Dr. W. F. Oldham, of Ohio Wesleyan University, who spoke on "The Vitalizing of Other Faiths by Christianity." He held "that all religions share certain fundamental truths in common with Christianity. . . . Through this community of truth the life of Christ passes into the other faiths." "Missionaries ought to be men of large caliber, and hospitable to all truth." The Congress was a very live and earnest body; it faced manfully many of the most important questions of our time. Its influence both on the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Church at large will be helpful and, we believe, enduring.

Dr. Marcus Whitman

On last Sunday the Congregational churches of the United States very generally celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the massacre of Dr. Whitman and his wife and the others associated with them in the Oregon country. The full story of Dr. Whitman's life does not properly belong to the columns of the Religious World. It has been told in magazine and book with thrilling interest. Dr. Whitman was a missionary of the American Board when it was a union missionary society, representing both Congregationalists and Presbyterians. Part of his life was spent in membership in one Church and part in the other. Both denominations rightfully rejoice in his memory and his achievements. The Presbyterian Church is to put in its new building in Philadelphia a figure of Whitman, and it is reported that a similar figure will be in the new Congregational House in Boston. The American Board, at its meeting in New Haven, advised the observance of last Sunday as a Whitman Day, and arranged for special services in Boston and in Washington. Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington, is perhaps the best of all monuments to his memory. In addition to that, however, a special monument is to mark the place where he and his associates fell. The interest in Whitman comes from the fact that, though a missionary, he was the first to discover the designs of the Hudson Bay Company and the first to report those designs to the Government at Washington, whereby the territory which now includes the States of Oregon, Washington, and a part of Idaho was saved to our country. The journey of Dr. Whitman across the Rocky Mountains in midwinter to bear the news of what he had learned to Washington is one of the most thrilling in the history of modern adventure. He was a man of indomitable courage and the greatest consecration. His memory in the regions of his missionary service is still cherished with great regard. It would not be possible for us to report in detail the various services held in his memory last Sunday. It is enough to make mention of the large

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observance of the day. In any list of patriotic or missionary heroes of our country, or the century, the name of Dr. Whitman must occupy a conspicuous place.

A Protest

Is it not time that something was done to prevent the multiplication of appeals to the churches to set apart special days for the observance of special causes? We have already called attention to the fact that last Sunday was largely observed as a Whitman Day, but that was a peculiar case. The American Board simply called attention to the anniversary and advised such recognition as might be thought best. That was perfectly proper. In addition, however, last Sunday was set apart, so far as possible, for special services in the Congregational churches for Home Missions, and in various other denominations for the cause of temperance. Of course pastors take these matters into their own hands, and do as they think best under the circumstances. The claims of last Sunday are mentioned only because they are typical. If all the Sundays asked for by the various societies were set apart by the churches, there would be few if any Sundays left for the regular preaching of the Gospel. Is it not time that the asking for special Sundays for special causes were entirely given up? Let the various societies in which all Christian people are interested present their claims and leave to the local churches the question of determining the times and the seasons.

Dr. Watson Called to London

The English papers report that the Rev. John Watson, D.D., pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church of Liverpool, has been called to the Presbyterian Church of Kensington, London. Everything which concerns the gifted author of the "Bonnie Brier-Bush" is of interest to Americans, who love him almost as well as the people among whom he was born. It will be interesting to know what Dr. Watson's decision will be. The church to which he is called is not a large one, but it is in the finest part of London, not very far from the Kensington Congregational Church, which is in many respects perhaps the strongest church of that denomination in the city. Dr. Watson will not accept the call because the church is already stronger than the one he now has, for it is not. The field, however, is one of the most attractive in its possibilities in the Kingdom. Although in the best part of London, it is near to great masses of the poor as well as of the rich. He could have an immediate influence there probably greater than in Liverpool. And yet the church of which he is pastor is probably the strongest in the city. He has been with it many years; indeed, it has been built up largely by his ministry. Dr. Watson had no difficulty in deciding that it was best for him to remain in England when the question of calling him to this country was agitated, but the question of Liverpool or London is a different one. Concerning the church to which he is called the "British Weekly" says: "It presents perhaps the best field in London for a minister with Dr. Watson's gifts, and there is no doubt that, should he see his way to accept it, in a very short time the place would become one of the most influential centers of Christian life in the whole metropolis."

Gifts for Missions in the M. E. Church

We have received the following from the Rev. Dr. Leonard, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which we are glad to insert. The figures we gave were taken from the reports as they appeared in the daily press. Dr. Leonard says:

> In your issue of the 20th inst. you say that the total income of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Missions for the past year is $1,131,940.67, plus $44,629.05 contributed for special purposes, making a total of $1,176,569.72. To this sum, however, must be added the contributions made by our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which was $313,937.86, and our Woman's Home Missionary Society, $219,621.15, making a grand total for the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past year of $1,710,128.73.

Resignation of Dr. Gunsaulus

With great regret we hear that at last Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, has felt obliged positively to resign the pastorate of Plymouth Church in that city. It is reported that this is the third time the resignation has been presented in as many months, but until now his people have hoped that he might ultimately return to them. Dr. Gunsaulus broke down last May and has been seriously ill ever since. The reports concerning his condition are favorable, and it is hoped that if he is not able to resume his pastorate he may be able in many ways both with voice and pen to continue to serve the public, which has an interest in him which is both loyal and abiding.

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For the Little People

"King Philip"

By Bernice V. Rogers

There was no need of telling seven-year-old Maisie that King Philip was to be sold; she had been in the barn hunting for eggs, and had heard every word that had passed between Uncle Ben and the turkey-dealer. For a moment she was too startled to take in the full significance of the talk. What! her King Philip sold! The possibility had never entered her little head. She knew that it lacked but a few weeks of Thanksgiving, and that upon that day turkey was but one of the good things to be eaten, but she had never imagined such a fate possible for King Philip.

Her little brain worked fast. She knew that but a few minutes were left before the turkey-dealer's return: she must save King Philip—but how? There was but one way. She dashed the tears from her eyes and crept to the barn door. Nobody was in sight. Uncle Ben had gone into the house. She must hurry. Around the corner of the barn she slipped, chirping to King Philip the chirp that he knew so well and always answered. But what if he did not heed it this time? What if he should not come? The possibility nearly choked her with fear, and she held her breath and waited. Yes, he was coming; she could hear his answering gobble, gobble! and as the great bird came up to her, the little heart beat fast, and she threw her arms about the long neck, the neck she must save from the cruel ax, and sobbed aloud. But only for an instant; time was too precious. Uncle Ben might come out at any minute, and she choked back the sobs.

She stopped to think of nothing but that King Philip was in great danger and that she must save him. Down the hill she rushed, stumbling over rocks and briers, but minding nothing so long as Philip followed her, down to the very edge of the great woods. Here she paused. She had never been so far from home alone, and she had a dread of this dark labyrinth of pines and chestnuts. Only a threadlike path wound in and out among their huge trunks.

Just then a sound reached her ears that put to rout all the possible dangers that lurked in the woods. It was three sharp notes on Aunt Sue's dinner-horn, and Maisie knew only too well what it meant; it was her special call, and meant "come to the house." For the first time in her life she turned a deaf ear to the horn, and dashed down the little path; but only a short distance a discontented gobble, gobble! made her stop. King Philip was not following her. He, too, was afraid of the woods, but, unlike his little mistress, had no greater fear to force him into them. Back rushed the little girl to the edge of the woods, where she coaxed and entreated, but in vain. King Philip would not stir. Then the overtaxed little brain gave way, and she dropped on the ground and cried as though her heart would break.

Again the call of the horn brought her to herself; this time the three notes were repeated with an imperativeness that made Maisie spring to her feet. Could she give up now, after getting him so far? If she stayed where she was, they would find her and take Philip from her, she knew; he must be gotten into the woods where they could hide until the turkey-man was gone. Maisie planned no further than that.

There was but one hope left, and Maisie felt in her pocket for the corn she always carried for her pet; she had forgotten it till now. She gave him two kernels, and then went a little way into the woods, calling and coaxing him to follow. Yes, Philip's love for corn was stronger than his love for his little mistress; he stepped into the path, looking about him a little suspiciously at first, but following the hand that held the corn. When he reached her, she gave him two more kernels, and then went ahead again and coaxed him to her. After a while Philip followed as usual, getting a kernel of corn now and then as an incentive. Tear-blinded, she lost the path and found herself in a maze of underbrush and young trees. The corn was gone now, but King Philip needed no more coaxing; he followed her closely. Perhaps he knew that they were lost, and that it was best for him to keep close to his little mistress. Who knows what thoughts pass through a turkey's mind!

It was growing dusk, but Maisie struggled on till brought to a standstill. A great tree

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lay across the way; its huge mass of roots and earth towered before her, black and awful in the uncertain light, lending fresh terrors to her fevered imagination. She covered her eyes to run, but her foot caught in the tangle of underbrush and she was thrown forward into the hole left by the uprooted tree.

King Philip showed plainly that he knew something was wrong. He walked around his little mistress, stretching down his long neck into the hole and gobbling incessantly. Not until it had grown quite dark did he cease his efforts to rouse the little girl; then he flew up to the big bulk of roots, and, like a solitary sentinel, mounted guard.

The woods were very still; only the dark pines murmured softly as if in low-toned conversation. One by one the white stars crept into the cold blue heavens, gathering silently like a vast army.

Suddenly King Philip gave a low gobble and stretched out his long neck and listened. His sharp ears had caught the echo of a shout; through the dense underbrush moved tiny dancing lights like fireflies. King Philip rose, ruffled up his feathers, and commenced to gobble. The lights stood still, then they gathered in a little group. The shouting grew nearer and nearer, the lights grew larger and larger, and King Philip's gobbling grew more and more excited.

Maisie was awakened by the noise. For a moment she lay there frightened by her surroundings and not remembering where she was. Then she heard the shouting and Philip's gobble, gobble! and like a flash it all came back to her. They were hunting for King Philip; it never entered her innocent little head that they were searching for her. Her ankle was swollen and throbbed painfully, but she did not stop to think of that; she sat up.

"Philip, Philip!" she called gently. "Oh, Philip, don't gobble—don't, don't; they are coming after you; they will kill you. Oh, Philip, Philip!"

Next moment there was a crashing of underbrush, a sudden blaze of light, and a pair of strong arms lifted her up tenderly. It was Uncle Ben; and there stood Aunt Sue crying and laughing at the same time, and a number of the neighbors with lanterns. All seemed to be talking at once.

Then Maisie burst into a storm of tears.

"You can't have him, Uncle Ben, you sha'n't have him," she sobbed. "He's mine! You gave him to me, and he can't be killed. I won't let him be killed. You can have all my money in the little red bank, and I'll work and earn more and buy him, but you can't kill King Philip—you can't, you can't!"

Aunt Sue was bending over her, vainly trying to soothe her.

"No, no, Philip isn't going to be killed. Uncle Ben doesn't want to sell him; you are going to keep him always." But Maisie had worked herself nearly into spasms, and the words fell unheeded.

"Ben, you tell her," said Aunt Sue; "make her understand that King Philip isn't going to be sold. Tell her quickly." And Uncle Ben repeated it over and over again. But not until he told her that the turkey-man had gone back to the city did she grow more quiet. Then the little party moved silently home.

Early the next morning Uncle Ben went out into the woods and coaxed Philip home with a dish of corn. But for a number of days his little mistress lay too exhausted to even ask for her beloved pet.

Uncle Ben, on Thanksgiving morning, wrapped up the little convalescent and carried her down to a nest of cushions on the sitting-room couch.

She lay still enjoying the pleasant change from upstairs. The sitting-room door opened. Maisie looked up to see who was there; in the doorway stood King Philip; he was looking around suspiciously, but at his little mistress's glad cry he gave a gobble of recognition and stepped into the room.

There was a narrow red ribbon around his long neck, and as he came up to her something on the ribbon glistened. Maisie took the shining something in her hand; it was a little silver heart; upon it was engraved the word "Maisie." She turned it over; there were the letters "K. P."

Maisie looked up in surprise. Aunt Sue and Uncle Ben stood in the door watching her.

"It's a silver medal," explained Uncle Ben, coming forward. "It was awarded to King Philip for helping us to find you in the woods."

And then Uncle Ben explained how they had become nearly discouraged after a long and fruitless search, when King Philip's gobble had guided them to her.

It would be hard to say which was the happiest that Thanksgiving Day, King Philip taking his Thanksgiving dinner from his little mistress's hand, or Uncle Ben and Aunt Sue, who watched them.

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The Home Club

Laundry Work: Embroideries and Fine Articles

By Jessie Comstock

To wash embroidered carving cloths, bureau covers, white scarfs, tidies: Soak first in cold water, if the colors do not run. Then put in castile soap solution; rub soap on embroidered portions and rub gently with the hands, being careful not to rub the embroidery. Swash up and down, and squeeze the articles to partially remove the water, then place in fresh warm water, thoroughly rinse, and squeeze out the water. If colors run, place between cloths and press the water out.

To iron, place the articles wrong side up on the table covered with two or three thicknesses of flannel. With a warm iron, iron the embroidery until thoroughly dry. Then turn on to the right side and iron the plain parts. When finished, embroidered articles should be smooth and the embroidery should be somewhat raised, standing out clearly on the cloth.

White and very light silks should soak a few minutes in warm water. Then wash lightly between the hands in a castile soap solution until the silk looks clean. Rinse the silks until the last rinsing-water is clear; press the water out and manipulate in the hands until partly dry. Do not rub the silk, as it is apt to crack the surface and leave it impaired after pressing. Then lay on the table and press under a cloth with a warm iron (not hot). The hot iron makes the silk stiff, and takes away the soft, natural appearance.

To wash yellow, pink, and dark silks, prepare bran-water by putting two quarts of wheat bran in a thin bag. Place this in a large pan, and pour boiling water over it. Allow the bran to soak a few minutes, drain off, and use the bran-water for washing colored silks. If the silks are much soiled, add a little ammonia to the bran-water. No soap is needed. Rinse in a new bran-water, and continue to rinse until the last water is free from any color foreign to the bran color. Into the last bran-water put a weak solution of gum arabic to give a natural stiffening. Dry in the same way as with light silks.

Ribbons, if soiled much, should be soaked in castile soap solution. Then prepare a fresh solution; with a soft brush rub the ribbon, which is placed on a smooth surface; rinse in two or three clean waters. Dry it by winding it around a bottle, or flatten and smooth it on a clean, smooth board or flat surface. Ribbons may be ironed in the same way that silks are finished. This gives them a little more stiffness. Some figured ribbons cannot be laundered by any wet method. It is wise, before putting the entire ribbon into water, to test an end, or experiment upon a small piece, to see what, if anything, will set the colors. If water cannot be touched to them, use a brush and magnesia or corn-meal, and take the dirt off in this way. Great care should be taken.

Pongees should be washed in bran-water, or in castile soap solution. Iron on the wrong side before they are dry. Chiffon may be washed to look the same as new. It requires care, time, and patience. White chiffon should be washed in warm castile soap solution. Do not rub, as rubbing separates the threads. When clean, rinse in clear warm water and partly dry by rolling it in a soft cloth. Iron immediately, stretching gently the entire piece at first, and then each portion as it is ironed. Use a warm iron, and press rather than rub with the iron. When the entire surface has been pressed, spread out on table and press gently a second time, running the iron the full length of the goods to give a smooth, even surface. Colored chiffon should be laundered in the same way, except that bran-water is used to give a natural color. It seems to prevent the color from starting. Sateens are laundered the same as silks, then passed through a very thin starch; when dry, sprinkle in the shape that it dried, without pulling the parts, and press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. In cleaning velvet, if not badly soiled, brush dirt from it as well as possible. Place a very hot iron on end on a hard surface that will not burn. Next place a well-wetted white cloth next to the wrong side of the velvet and run it over the face of the iron until it is thoroughly dried. This brings the piling of the velvet into place, and gives the velvet a new, bright appearance. If the velvet is soiled and not too much worn, place it on a table, and with a rather stiff brush rub the surface with a solution of ammonia

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and water, or borax and water if the color is such that the ammonia will affect it. Then proceed as above stated for steaming. Velvet may be put into a soap solution and washed, but this process is not to be recommended, as the results cannot be depended upon. If the colors are liable to run in doing up fine articles, use the same preventives as given in the article printed in the Home Club of November 20. Gum arabic, skimmed milk, gum tragacanth, fleabane seed, may all be used for giving slight stiffening to fine articles.

Child-Training

A letter signed "An Only Child" closes with this question: "Is there not too much of the feeling just now that children and their amusements are of too great importance? The comfort and pleasure of grown people seem to be a secondary matter in most homes, without any regard for the irrevocable injury done the child." The writer quotes the comment of a man who was fond of dogs and children. He said, "They are a nuisance in a house unless obedient and well trained." That children are not always a well-spring of joy in a house the writer of this communication believes is entirely the fault of those who train them. And this is true. The "funny column" of one of the papers recently quoted a small boy as saying, "It's just like father. When my wheeel was new and needed pumping up, I wanted to do it, but he always did it. But now that it's old, and I am tired of it, so's pa. That's always the way with fathers." The small boy stated the fundamental trouble in the homes where children are not a well-spring of joy. Even their toys are not their own if they can afford amusement to adults. The rights of children are not respected in a very great many homes of America; the just and proper course lies, not in surrendering the household to their control, but in respecting their rights, and compelling them to respect the rights of every member of the family. Recently a member of a club in a tenement-house district created a sentence which rends the veil, at least for her own soul, as to one of the fundamental defects in human nature. A member of the club had been guilty of a most unjust and selfish act. An effort was being made not to have this talked of, and a comment something like this was made to the member:

"Don't say anything about it. The woman is selfish, and she is too old now to change. You would not talk about it if she were near-sighted or club-footed. You would not expect her to see at a long distance if you knew that her eyes were defective and she could only see things very close to her. Just drop the whole subject."

The woman walked along quietly for a while, when the first speaker, thinking aloud, went on:

"I sometimes think that selfishness is the meanest vice in human character."

This little tenement-house mother, with her eyes flashing, turned her face, saying,

"It's the ringleader of them all."

And she stated a great truth. When unselfishness is the fundamental element in character, the other defects become minor. Unselfishness governed by judgment gives the most perfectly rounded out character, and when this is made the object of child-training life will lose the greatest cause of friction and the greatest obstacle to human progress. Training to unselfishness is easier in a family where there are several children than where there is one child, but it can always be done, if the parents are determined to be unselfish themselves in the training of the child. The root of the trouble in child-training is that it is so much easier to let a child have his own way than to discipline him by the natural method of fitting the punishment to the crime; so much easier to gratify a child, often, than to deprive it of that which reason and common sense alike declare will be an injury.

Library Work

The Cleveland Public Library has done special work among children, and among the many experiments tried in the library has been that of establishing a Library League composed of the children. It was established in April. The same idea has been introduced into the libraries at Jamestown, N. Y., and Dayton, Ohio, and now numbers thousands of members. The children who take books from the libraries agree to do all in their power to assist the librarian in keeping the books in good condition; to interest boys and girls in the right care of books. The Cleveland Public Library has issued a book-mark containing some very telling sentences, such as "Please do not handle me with dirty hands," "Or leave me in the rain," "Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil," "Or open me and lay me face down on the table," with directions about the use of the book-mark. Such training is invaluable.

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GUS, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel.*

	B. C. 1491.
may serve the E-gŷp´tians? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tians, than that we should die in the wilderness.	
13 ¶ And Mō´ses said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.	
14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye	

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17. Is. 41. 10, 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22; 20. 4.

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A Great Editor's Opinion

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

Edited by Edward W. Bok

September 13, 1897

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